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# DUTCH DAYS



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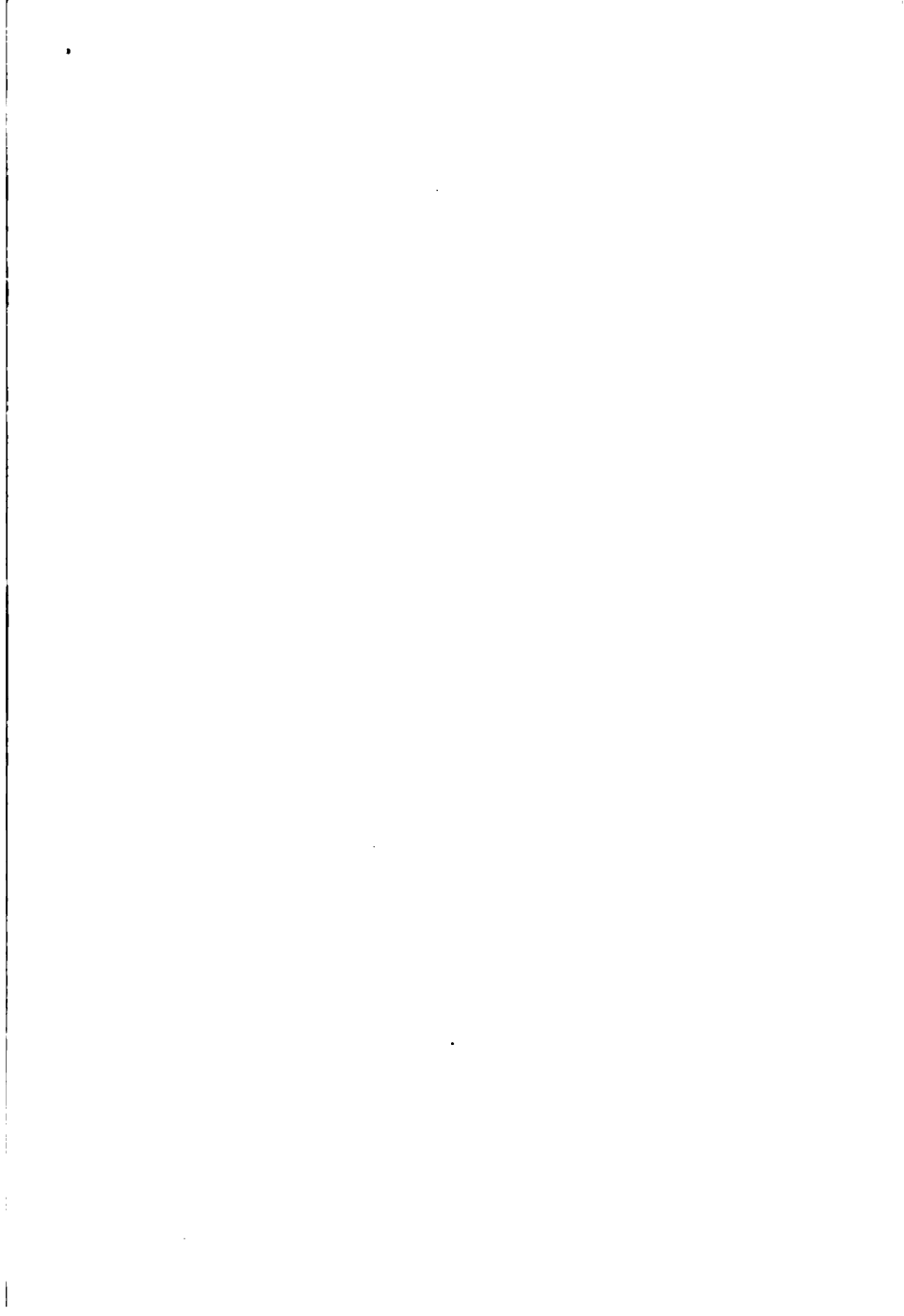


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column 8

## **Dutch Days**









LOADING BARGES WITH CHEESE, ALKMAAR

# Dutch Days

914.92  
H17

by

**May Emery Hall**

Author of "Jan and Betje"

*Illustrated from Photographs*

NEW YORK

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1914

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**DISCARDED**

TO  
THE ONE WHO SHARES  
WITH ME  
HAPPY MEMORIES  
OF  
DUTCH DAYS

159433



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# DUTCH DAYS

## CHAPTER I

### THE FIRST DUTCH DAY

Never did two more excitable young persons board the Harwich-and-Hook boat for Holland than Richard and Shirley Lane a certain evening in early April. Lovely England with its interesting cities, green meadows, and trim hedges lay behind; fascinating France was yet to be explored; but the pleasant memories of the one and the anticipations of the other were completely crowded out by thoughts of the watery little country just across the North Sea.

Quaint Holland! How could the name fail to call up delightful pictures of canals, wooden shoes, dykes and windmills? Shirley declared she knew she wouldn't sleep a wink that night, while Richard felt sure he would be the earliest up on deck the next morning to catch the very first glimpse of the Hollow Land. Imagine their surprise, then, when Mrs. Lane had to

call them both, not once, but many times, with the news that the boat had been at dock some time and that, if they wanted to make the most of their first Dutch day, it was high time to be up and doing.

Resolved not to be caught napping a second time, Richard and Shirley dressed quickly, had a very hasty breakfast in the dining saloon (without the faintest idea what they were eating), gathered up bags and coats, and prepared to land. While their father was looking after trunks, they waited with their mother in the railroad station.

A fine-looking young customs officer in uniform stood near by. He courteously examined the baggage of the various travelers without the shadow of a smile lighting up his grave face. It was very plain he considered his business a serious affair. Mr. Lane's turn came. The inspector saluted.

"Tea, sir?" he asked in English, with a funny little foreign accent.

Mr. Lane smiled and answered "No."

"Coffee?" was the next question.

Mr. Lane replied as before.

"Sugar?" was the third query.

At this the two children laughed outright. It seemed so ridiculous an idea for them to be

crowding their valuable trunk space with ordinary, every-day sugar! Their father explained, however, that the Dutch law rigidly exacted a duty on all of the articles mentioned that were brought into the country, and that, however foolish the questioning might seem to Americans, it was quite necessary. Further, it was the officer's duty to examine suitcases, trunks and bags as well. This he next proceeded to do. He went about it in a nice way, disturbing the contents as little as possible. Satisfied in a few minutes that the Lane family had no hidden packages of either tea, coffee or sugar smuggled away among their belongings, he gave a second sober, polite salute, as much as to say, "I'm very sorry to have troubled you," and gave his attention to the next person in line.

Once aboard the train on the way to The Hague and whizzing rapidly through the flat, green Netherlands, Richard and Shirley felt that at last their Dutch vacation had really begun. Eagerly they gazed out of the car windows for anything and everything Dutch. Nor were they disappointed.

It was Shirley who spied the first windmill—a dark brown, weather-beaten, picturesque affair lazily flapping its big arms as if there

was plenty of time in which to do the day's work and absolutely no need of rushing it. The Lane family found out later that this was the spirit of all Holland. The people took time to live.

"Look, look!" suddenly called out Richard a few moments afterward. "See the coated cattle! You saw the first windmill, Shirley, but the cattle belong to me."

The black and white animals at which Richard pointed did not exactly wear coats, as we understand the term. Rather, they were pieces of a material very much like burlap tied on to protect the wearers from cold and dampness.

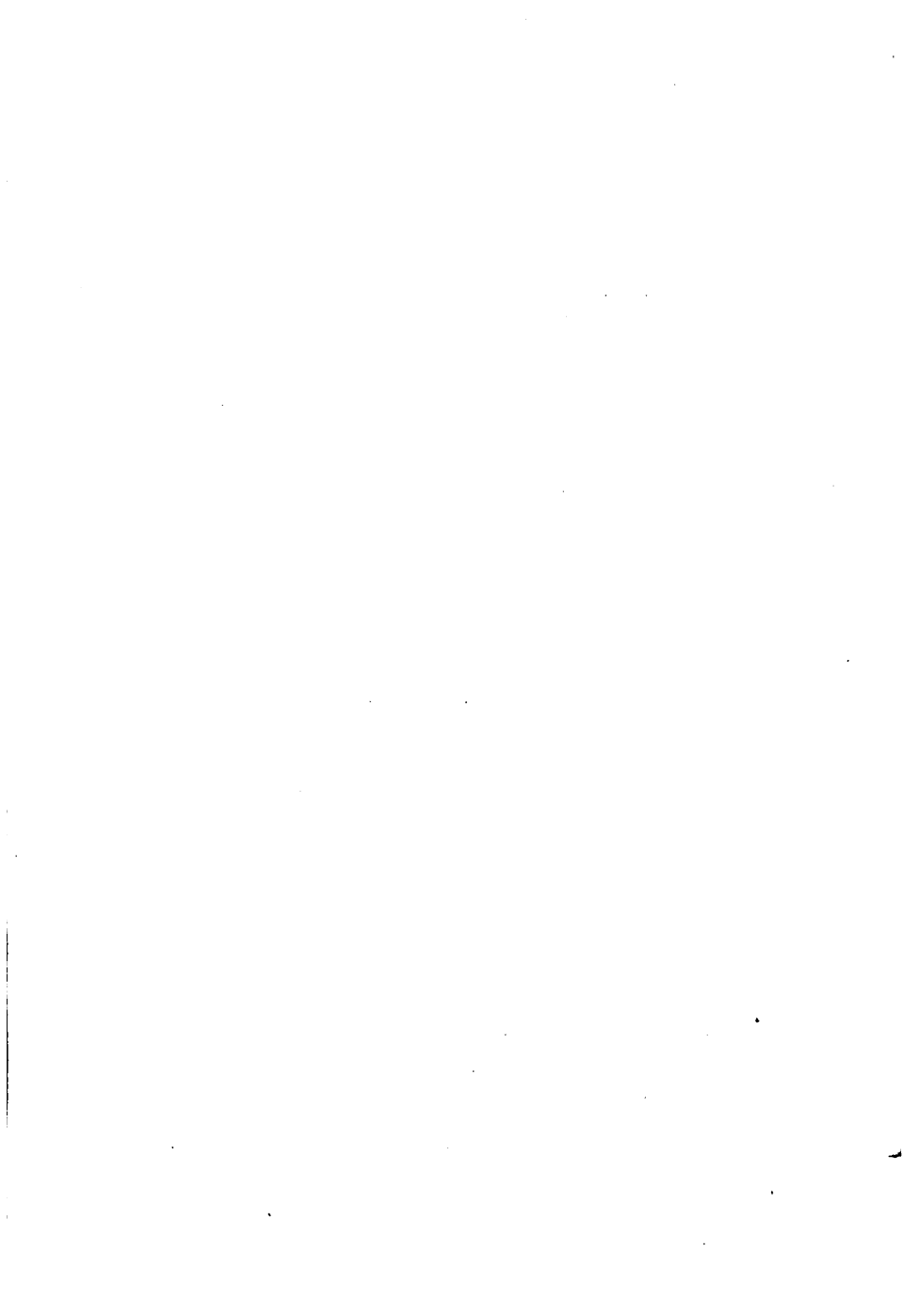
"The owners of these cattle cannot be too careful of them," explained Mr. Lane, "for a large portion of the wealth of Holland is in this form. Otherwise, we wouldn't hear so much about Dutch butter and cheese. Stables are quite attractive quarters and it is said that in some sections the cattle are actually given the best rooms in the house."

"How funny!" exclaimed the rest of the family in chorus.

Besides hundreds of cows, Richard and Shirley also noticed numerous pig and goat families. The awkward little baby animals looked



WINDMILL ALONG CANAL



## THE FIRST DUTCH DAY 5

as if it was a very new and very strange world in which they found themselves.

"How cunning!" said Shirley. "I hope all these cute little piglets are the 'stay-at-home' and not the 'go-to-market' kind. It would be a shame to have their lives cut short."

The tiny goats were often milk white. They looked peaceable and gentle enough, the reason perhaps being that they had not yet been taught by their mothers the purpose of horns.

Anxiously everyone watched for the first wooden shoes. Finally a pair came into sight. The owner of the *klompen* (for so they are called in Holland) was a sturdy woman standing by a well in her front yard. The Lane family had only a fleeting glimpse of her as she started to lower a brightly painted blue pail for a supply of water that no doubt would later do good service in washing the family clothes or cleaning the front doorsteps.

"Is every day wash-day in Holland, I wonder?" said Shirley. "Such scrubbing and splashing I never saw in my whole life."

It was, in truth, a goodly procession of cleanly housewives who passed in review all along the way. To start the morning's program with scrubbing-brush and polishing-cloth seemed the only proper thing to do. Side-



walks received as much attention as the interior of the houses, and many of them were even fenced or chained off so that no careless person might soil them with his dirty shoes. There was nothing for the poor passer-by to do but turn aside into the middle of the street. Street and sidewalk looked equally uncomfortable on account of the small, uneven bricks with which they were paved. Often it was hard to tell where the sidewalk ended and the street began.

The search for dirt did not end at the capital. It extended to the very doors of the house that was to be the stopping place of the Lanes—yes, and beyond them. A comfortable looking, pleasant-faced Dutch lady greeted them at the door with a smile of welcome. A laughable conversation followed, for, as she knew little English and her guests less Dutch, a sort of deaf-and-dumb sign language had to take the place of spoken words. She conducted them to the rooms they were to occupy on the floor above.

Such a sight as met their eyes on the landing! A piled-up assortment of brushes, mops, pails, brooms and step-ladders partly blocked the passage and looked as if a wholesale house-cleaning was in progress.

"One would think our good landlady had taken a contract to set the entire Hague to rights!" laughed Mr. Lane.

She noticed the look of bewilderment on the faces of the four, and tried hard to make them understand it all meant their rooms were simply being put in order and would be ready that afternoon.

"Why, everything is as clean as clean can be as it is," remarked Mrs. Lane. "I don't see what more needs to be done."

It ended in the Dutch lady having her way, however, and our party were not long in learning that to try to change the order of things in Holland resulted in a waste of time and language.

Shirley clapped her hands.

"Oh, but this is going to be so much jollier than staying in a stiff old hotel!" said she. "When we are in Holland we ought to live as the Hollanders do; don't you think so, mother and father?"

The others paid little heed to her, for they were busy taking a rapid survey of the cozy quarters that were to be their home for the next week or two. Comfortable living-room, dainty, attractive bedrooms, countless closets in the most unexpected places, and, best of all,

a balcony for their very own—what more could one ask? The windows at the front overlooked a row of neat brick dwellings with painted shutters across the narrow street, while the view from the rear revealed prim Dutch yards gay with flower-beds of hyacinths, tulips and forget-me-nots.

"Come, mother and you young people," finally said Mr. Lane, "the balcony and flowers will keep. Our patient landlady is anxious for us to take a walk about town while she finishes her morning's work, though she is too polite to say so."

All agreed that, instead of visiting special places of interest the very first day, a better plan would be to merely stroll through the streets and avenues of The Hague to gain a general idea of the people and scenes of the city. Armed with his new camera, Richard made ready to snap everything that, as he expressed it, was "real Dutch."

As the Lanes closed the front door behind them, the first novel sight that met their eyes was a milk dealer pushing a cart laden with the brightest, shiniest cans imaginable. As the sun was reflected from their rounded sides, the effect was truly dazzling. Dozens of other milk carts were passed in the course of the

day, much more interesting, Richard and Shirley thought, than the large horse-drawn wagons with which they were familiar in New York.

Even more attractive than these push-carts were the dog-carts. It seemed to be the general rule for these animals to work in Holland, and few were the fortunate ones who had play-day every day. Sometimes, a single large dog did all the pulling that was necessary; again, the work was shared by another, with whom he was yoked. For the most part, the dogs did not seem at all unhappy and obeyed orders in a matter of fact way as if it was just as reasonable for them to labor as for their masters. One splendid creature, patiently waiting outside a shop for her owner to appear, specially interested Richard. He set his camera and called out to her. She turned her head so as to face him and stood perfectly still with a friendly expression on her intelligent face which said, almost as plainly as words,

"I don't mind in the least your taking my picture back to America. I hope it will be good."

The little tilted mirrors attached to so many of the houses at the sides of the windows at first perplexed Richard and Shirley greatly.

They were at a loss to guess their use. Whoever heard of hanging a looking-glass out of doors? When they at last gave up the puzzle, their father told them that these mirrors were a convenient means of seeing who was approaching the house and what was happening along the street without having to thrust one's head outside.

Pretty canal scenes and street flower markets greeted the travelers at every turn.

"Oh, dear, there are so many pretty sights," complained Richard, "that the trouble is not to know which to take, but which I can afford to leave out."

The Hague streets were bright, clean and cheerful. In the downtown section, they were so very narrow that many persons walked in the middle of the street and the Lanes soon found that by following their example they could get along much more rapidly. Care had to be taken, however, not to run into bicycles. They had not lost their popularity, as in America, and were used for both business and pleasure.

Mr. Lane called the children's attention to the fact that the absence of advertising circulars on houses and bill-boards did much to improve the appearance of the city. Advertise-



DUTCH DOG CART



NEW PEACE PALACE—THE HAGUE



## THE FIRST DUTCH DAY 11

ments there were, it is true, but they were pasted on special sign-posts placed in the street for that purpose. It was great fun trying to translate the Dutch signs.

"Every word seems to have an 'ij' in it," said Shirley. "How queer it must sound when you try to pronounce them all."

"Ah, but the 'ij' does not have the sound you would naturally expect it to have. Think of it as 'y' and you'll have very little trouble. Indeed, one is used in place of the other quite often."

It was even so, for presently Richard and Shirley noticed that certain shops displayed the sign "Ijs," others, "Ys."

"If you can guess what it means," Mr. Lane laughingly said, "I will buy you some."

The children thought hard for a few minutes.

"Oh, I have it!" at last cried out Richard. "Ice-cream, of course!"

Soon the four were seated around a little marble-topped table enjoying the cool refreshment that was very welcome after their long walk. When they had finished, Mr. Lane paid twenty-five cents for each plate, or a gulden in all.

"How expensive!" exclaimed Richard and



Shirley in the same breath. "At home ice-cream is less than half as much."

"It only seems so," their father replied, "for it takes about two and a half Dutch cents to make one of our own, which makes the price about the same in the two countries. What do you say to our taking home some Hague *hopjes*?"

He pointed, as he spoke, to a pile of prettily decorated tin boxes. Not having a very clear idea what the contents were, but feeling pretty sure they were something good, the children assented and the clerk wrapped one of the boxes in white paper.

"I think you will find *hopjes* not very different from our American butter-scotch," Mr. Lane said, in answer to Richard and Shirley's questions. "The Hague is noted for their manufacture, just as we will find that other Dutch cities have their own peculiar sweets."

"We will sit on our balcony this evening after dinner," added Mrs. Lane, "and test the *hopjes*. It will be a fitting ending to our first Dutch day. If all others turn out to be as pleasant as this has been, no one of us will have cause to find fault."

## CHAPTER II

### THE HEART OF THE HAGUE

It is doubtful if Richard and Shirley Lane will ever forget their first breakfast in Holland. It seemed more like a page from a story-book than anything else. The family had planned to eat their other meals wherever the lunch or dinner hour should overtake them, but breakfast was a different matter. In every way it seemed most satisfactory to have it at the house before starting out for the day. Fortunately, Mrs. Lane had, in the course of her reading, run across the Dutch word for breakfast—*ontbijt*—and remembered it. By repeating it slowly and distinctly, she was able to make Mevrouw Vanderpoel, their pleasant boarding-mistress, understand what was wanted.

The morning following the first eventful day in The Hague, therefore, Mr. and Mrs. Lane, followed by the children, descended the stairs to locate the dining-room. It was not

to be found, neither was anybody at hand to direct them. Just as Mrs. Lane was about to rap lightly on the nearest door, a trim little maid, arrayed in snow-white apron and cap, appeared before them.

"Ontbijt?" asked Mrs. Lane, with a smile.

"Ja, ja," replied the other, with an answering smile, bobbing her head up and down at the same time. Things seemed to be progressing nicely and the Lanes took heart. They rejoiced too soon, however, for, instead of leading the way to the dining-room, the girl carried on a long, rapid, one-sided conversation in Dutch, not a single word of which could the Lanes understand. Finally she paused for breath. Mournfully studying one face after another, she now began to shake her blonde head sideways instead of up and down. Then she pointed upstairs.

"But we have just come from upstairs," explained Mrs. Lane gently, "and are waiting for our ontbijt."

At last the little maid appeared to comprehend that the torrent of Dutch words that fell from her pretty lips so readily was entirely wasted on her American hearers. She left them, rushed into a room at the rear which the Lanes guessed was a kitchen, and in a few

minutes brought back another maid. This second girl was not empty-handed. She had with her a sort of carrier with three shelves—or, in Richard's language, a walking book-shelf—laden with cups, saucers, plates, bowls, pitchers, in fact, almost every description of dish a respectable household could claim. In a twinkling she had flown up the stairs, and from the landing above was beckoning the others to follow.

It then flashed upon them that breakfast was to be served in their own private living-room! This explained the presence of a silver tea and coffee service in a corner of the room. A teakettle with alcohol attachment, squatty cream pitcher, sugar bowl (filled with squares of sugar, each carefully wrapped in paper), a tray of tiny spoons of after-dinner coffee size, quaint cups without handles, which Shirley said must have been brought from the Orient by some Dutch sailor in the family—these completed the outfit. In a very few minutes the kettle was singing a cheerful tune, the handy little maid had spread a substantial meal on the center table, bowed gravely to all and disappeared.

"It doesn't look as if we would starve, does it, father?" chuckled Richard.

And, though that young gentleman's healthy appetite was far from delicate, even he could find nothing to criticise in either the quality or quantity of the fare set before him. There was a generous platter of thin ham with a fried egg on each slice, almost every complexion of bread, including white, graham, and brown, crisp rolls, a jar of light brown brittle toast or zweiback, gingerbread, strawberry jam and, to crown all, a large slice of golden Dutch cheese. Was it to be wondered at that the Lane family thought they could get along very comfortably till lunch time?

"Suppose we aim for the oldest part of the city first," suggested Mr. Lane after breakfast was over, "the heart of The Hague, in short. It will be a good starting point for our later rambles."

Selecting on a map which they had purchased the day before one of the principal thoroughfares that led in the right direction, the party set out. The street in question changed its name many times before it came to an end quite as if, as some one observed, it was a changeable girl who didn't know her own mind. While walking along the section known as *Noordeinde*, Richard caught sight of a soldier slowly pacing back and forth in front

## THE HEART OF THE HAGUE 17

of a stately but rather plain dwelling. The main portion of the building, furnished with a pillared portico, was set somewhat back from the street. A wing extended at right angles from either end, forming a courtyard.

"Why, it must be the palace of Queen Wilhelmina," guessed Shirley.

Her father nodded his head in token that her guess was correct. He told her how one of the most interesting treasures of the royal residence was a room in which walls, floors, and ceiling were of beautifully carved teak-wood, a wedding present from the queen's subjects in far-away Java.

"But I thought the outside of the palace would be so much larger and grander than it is," Shirley added, in surprise. "If it hadn't been for the sentry, we might easily have passed it by without a second thought."

When the Vijver was reached, Mr. Lane said they might consider themselves at the beginnings of Hague history. The word "vijver," having much the same meaning as our English "lake," belonged to a peaceful sheet of water that dated from the days when the Counts of Holland had their residence in this region. At that time The Hague was known

by its full name of 'S Gravenhage, and was little more than a hunting-lodge.

The waters of the Vijver sparkled brightly in the warm spring sunshine. Lordly white swans and ducks had it all to themselves and looked as if they, and not the counts of old, were the original owners of the lake.

The four Lanes noticed at one end of the Vijver a low rounded passage, grim and forbidding, that might easily be centuries old.

"Every brick looks as if it had a story to tell," said Shirley, "and I'm not sure it isn't a gloomy, disagreeable one."

"You are right," answered her father, "but it is too long a story for to-day. What you see is the ancient Gevangenpoort, leading to the Buitenhof or Outer Court. It is next door neighbor to the Binnenhof or Inner Court. To-day I want to take you around the other end of the Vijver. Do you see that square building across the lake, its back close to the water's edge? It is among the richest possessions of the city—none other than the famous Mauritshaus."

"Oh, I know," exclaimed the children together, "some of the most noted Dutch pictures are there."

"It is small, but precious," replied Mr. Lane,

## THE HEART OF THE HAGUE 19

"the very best place in all Holland for us to secure a bowing acquaintance with the great Dutch artists."

Later, Shirley was of the opinion that the museum was the "homiest" art gallery she had ever visited. No enormously large compartments to tire the feet and weary the brain, no long, cold corridors—only a series of small, comfortable rooms where one could study the canvases at ease.

"It is quite as if the good old Dutch masters, without dressing up for the occasion, were giving us a private reception," remarked Mrs. Lane, "and saying, 'How do you do?' in the most friendly, everyday manner."

Of course the entire family paused long before Paul Potter's "Bull," whose fame has extended over continents. A magnificent creature it was, who reserved for himself the entire end of one room, seeming perfectly conscious of his importance and superiority. Close by was the portrait of the artist himself.

"Paul Potter looks half impatient," said Mrs. Lane, "as he turns partly round, with palette in hand, as if the painting of animals he did so beautifully was vastly more important than having his own picture done."



"Very little time was, in fact, left for him to pursue his chosen work," explained Mr. Lane, "for he died only three days after the portrait was finished."

The children were greatly amused with Jan Steen's lively pictures, especially "The Poultry Yard," with its dear little girl surrounded by almost every variety of bird and fowl that ever was heard of. Never was there a funnier dwarf than the one shown in the painting. Happy, careless, fun-loving, boisterous Jan Steen! Both Richard and Shirley felt they would have known what sort of man he was from his pictures alone, without being told anything more about him. Among his other interesting paintings was the happy group supposed to represent his own family with the queer little baby in the foreground looking as if she were at least forty years old. The companion picture, "The Oyster Feast," was another scene of homely, hearty enjoyment.

"I believe every day must have been a holiday with Jan Steen," said Richard.

"His life held perhaps too much of merry-making," said his father, "but at least our genial Jan never was cross or sour. And it is no little thing to always greet the world with a broad smile."



THE POULTRY YARD—JAN STEEN, MAURITSHAUS



## THE HEART OF THE HAGUE 21

Mrs. Lane stopped longest before a rather small gem near one of the rear windows. Shirley crept up close on tip-toe to see what it was.

"I might have known it had something to do with housekeeping, mother dear," she declared. "I'm certain you have some Dutch blood in your veins."

It was no wonder Mrs. Lane was absorbed in the picture. With careful eye and tender brush, Gerard Dou had attempted to give the world a true picture of domestic peace—and had not failed. The sweetest of young mothers—her own face and that of her baby's illumined by light coming in through an open casement window—looked out of the canvas with a gentle expression of deep contentment. Like a true Dutch housewife, she had her sewing close at hand, while a plenteous supply of food in the opposite corner of the room showed that the welfare of her family was in no respect neglected. Carrots and cabbages were given a prominent place.

It was but a short walk from the Maurits-haus to the open square known as the Plein.

"I am taking you here," said Mr. Lane, "to show you the statue of Prince William I, better known as the Silent. He is the principal figure in the story of Holland, the head of that

House of Orange which has made history for the Netherlands for hundreds of years. I know of no better way of telling you what sort of hero he was than by comparing him to our own Washington. Like him, William the Silent was the true father of his country who carried her through innumerable hardships against heavy odds, but finally set her on her feet so that she was able to stand alone. His work was often a thankless task, for, like many great men, he was not fully appreciated till after his death."

"Why is he called Silent?" asked one of the children.

"Not, as you might suppose," was the answer, "because he seldom had anything to say. The nickname refers to a certain occasion when as a very young man William listened while the king of France unfolded a deadly plot which he and the king of Spain were considering for putting to death all the Protestants of both countries. William said nothing but listened hard, making up his mind to act only when the right time came. A less wise or more impulsive youth would have talked overmuch and perhaps brought trouble upon himself and his country, too. No simpler or more beautiful tribute was ever paid a great man than the

## THE HEART OF THE HAGUE 23

words of the historian, 'As long as he lived he was the guiding star of a brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets.' "

Richard and Shirley decided on the spot that when they returned to New York they would become better acquainted with the great Dutch hero through their reading.

From the Plein the Lanes strolled over to the gray old church they had seen so many times from a distance.

"Most of the churches of Holland seem to fall into one of three groups—Groote, Oude, or Nieuwe—that is, great, old, and new," said Mr. Lane. "Before the Reformation, when Holland was a Catholic country, they were generally known by the names of certain saints, but the old order of things has changed and the original names fallen into disuse. The church you see is commonly called the Groote Kerk."

Under the shadow of its lofty spire was the stadhuis or City Hall. The Lanes rounded up the day by pausing before it for a few minutes. Their principal interest in the building was due to the fact that they had been told that every Sunday at noon those marriages that

were shortly to take place in The Hague were openly announced at the stairway.

"We'll surely be on hand next Sunday," Richard and Shirley both declared.

Their parents smilingly gave assent.

## CHAPTER III

### PRISON WALLS AND PEACE PALACES

A day came when the Lane family set out with the express purpose of delving into the mystery of the dark old Gevangenpoort. Passing under the low, rounded archway that had aroused their interest at first sight, they found a narrow doorway at their right. Before entering it, they paused first to gain an idea of the outside of the building. Strongly barred windows and the whole atmosphere of the place plainly marked it as a former prison of some kind. The heavy shutters were of the sort that later became very familiar to Richard and Shirley in their further travels through Holland—a design so painted in two contrasting colors as to look like an immense, old-fashioned hour-glass. The pitched roof was finished at either end with another feature peculiar to Dutch architecture—an arrangement of stone or brick resembling a flight of stairs.

The Lanes entered the Gevangenpoort.



An obliging guide was at hand ready to tell the story of the historic building in either English or Dutch to suit the nationality of his hearers. He courteously led the newcomers on a tour of exploration. As Mr. Lane had hinted, the ancient prison had more than one secret of which it might well be ashamed. For religious or political offences, sometimes because of debt, both men and women were locked within its walls. At best, the Gevangenpoort must have been anything but a pleasant abode. Not even the glorious April sunshine, persistently forcing its way through the crossed iron window gratings and forming bright checker-boards of light on the floor, could wholly chase away the gloomy shadows or dispel the chilly dampness.

Through black, narrow passageways, lighted only by the lantern of the conductor, up steep staircases, past heavy doors provided with openings for passing food, into a hospital containing a row of tiny pens more like stalls than anything else—all these things and more the Lane family noted. The curiosity of the children was awakened by a line of seven letters cut in the woodwork of two of the rooms. They scented a mystery immediately, but, before they had time to offer a key



GEVANGENPOORT—PRISON GATE—THE  
HAGUE



to the problem, their guide told them that very likely the characters stood for the seven days of the Dutch week—Zondag, Maandag, Dinsdag, Woensdag, Donderdag, Vrijdag, Zaterdag. It was a reasonable, though commonplace, explanation. Shirley appeared to be satisfied with it, but Richard secretly preferred to think there was a hidden meaning back of the seemingly innocent letters, unknown to the prison keepers. The Lanes could easily understand that, although the carving of the letters helped to take up the poor prisoners' time and attention, those same days must have dragged a weary length before the end of each week was reached. The endless repetition of Zondag, Maandag, Dinsdag, etc., must have been tiresome indeed.

The real interest of the prison centered in the chamber known as the Cornelius De Witt room. The children listened attentively to the story of this staunch patriot and that of his devoted brother John, forming one of the darkest stains in the fair history of Holland.

The De Witts became prominent in the middle of the 17th century, John occupying the office of Grand Pensionary, a position not unlike that of prime minister. For over twenty years the brothers worked hard and

patiently in the interests of the Republic, only to have the people they tried to serve turn about and blame them for everything that went wrong in public affairs. Cornelius was imprisoned in the Gevangenpoort and asked to confess crimes he never committed. The tradition is that during this period, either to while away the tedious hours or to recall his happy days of freedom, he sketched with a knife his own house in pleasant Dordrecht, and John's residence in The Hague. (These had previously been pointed out by the guide.) From the prison, Cornelius sent for his brother, who came readily, as might be expected. At this point, an ugly mob took things in their own hands, rushed the De Witts out into the open space in front of the prison, and cruelly put them to death. At the present day, the Cornelius De Witt chamber is furnished with treasured souvenirs of the two brothers, showing that at last public opinion has given the martyrs their rightful place in the history of the Netherlands.

How good it seemed to get out into the pure air and sunshine again after the half hour spent in the stuffy old Gevangenpoort! Richard and Shirley drew long breaths. Richard left the others for a few minutes while he

snapped the stately John De Witt house on the Kneuterdyk near by.

"Our next excursion," announced Mr. Lane, "will be a welcome change from the somber prison."

A pleasant trolley ride through the clean Hague streets brought the Lane party to what is known as the "Haagsche Bosch," or Hague Wood. After leaving the *electrische tram*, as the Dutch call it, the four enjoyed a pleasant stroll through a magnificent avenue of noble, arching trees. Broad, open green spaces, beautiful shrubbery and pretty gardens made the entire region a genuine fairyland.

"We are now approaching the famous House in the Wood," explained Mr. Lane, "where for many years lived the Princess Amalia, widow of Frederic Henry, William the Silent's youngest son. Hers was a luxurious household, as we can readily judge from the furnishings within." The Lane family indeed found more signs of wealth inside than the rather plain exterior of the house had led them to expect. They were shown through a series of rooms so bewilderingly grand that to attempt to describe them accurately would be an almost impossible task. Magnificent Oriental ivories, priceless wall hangings, inlaid fur-

niture, wonderful china—all these interested Mrs. Lane and Shirley greatly.

"When I read of palaces in books after this," said Shirley, "I shall always picture this one."

Richard drew his father's attention to a fine portrait hanging in one of the rooms. It was that of a clean-cut, intelligent man's face.

"He looks just like an American, father," said he; "is he?"

The guide, a pleasing young Dutch girl, who could speak both English and her own language, answered him.

"You are quite right," she said, "it is your own Motley, who has written the most famous of all histories of the Netherlands. He was a friend of Princess Sophie, the last occupant of the palace, and, in fact, wrote much of his well-known work right here in the house."

Richard and Shirley felt a thrill of pride as they were thus reminded of the close link between their own beloved United States and little Holland across the sea.

When the Lanes finally reached the great octagonal Orange Room, words failed them. The golden radiance of the eight-sided, high-vaulted chamber with its wonderful painted

panels and ceiling was too much to take in all at once. The effect was dazzling.

"Here," the little guide was saying, "Princess Amalia had the most famous artists of her time paint scenes from the military career of her much-loved husband. Yet, while the pictures are mostly of war, the one on this door (pointing to it as she spoke) represents the coming of the Goddess of Peace. Vulcan and Mercury, as you see, are making way for her."

"I imagine," spoke up Mr. Lane, "that the good princess little thought when this painting was ordered that about two centuries and a half later, her Orange Room would be the scene of the first world peace conference. Yes, while Holland has done her share in fighting foes at home and abroad, and fighting hard while she was about it, it is none the less true that to her rightfully belongs the title of the Home of Peace. In 1899, the first peace meeting was held in this room."

"And where was the second?" inquired one of the children.

"Ah, you are getting ahead of me," Mr. Lane answered, smiling, "for I am just about to take you to that very spot."

Before leaving, each of the Lanes glanced, as the guide directed, down into the mirror-top



of a table into which was reflected from the lofty ceiling above the portrait of the princess herself. It was done by no less famous a painter than the courtly Van Dyck.

"I am glad her portrait was not forgotten," said Mrs. Lane, "among the many ones of her illustrious husband."

Our family party returned to a spot not far from the Gevangenpoort they had left earlier in the day—in other words, the Binnenhof or Inner Court. In the open square, surrounded by gray old buildings that measured their age in hundreds of years, it was hard to imagine one's self in the center of a modern capital city.

"It is almost as if," remarked Shirley, "we had been touched with a magic wand and put back some centuries ago. I hope I won't wake up just yet."

Occupying the most conspicuous site in the Binnenhof was a very ancient but beautiful building, all gables and turrets and interesting windows.

"I hardly know whether it could have been a church, residence, or public building," said Richard, turning to his father with a puzzled expression on his face.

"It is the famous Knights Hall," was the reply, "belonging, if I am not mistaken, to the



**KNIGHTS' HALL—THE HAGUE**



**SHIP MODELS IN HAARLEM CATHEDRAL**



13th century. It was the palace of those same Counts of Holland of whom you have heard before. It may help you to realize its extreme age if you remember that it was by no means new when Columbus discovered America."

"And yet we point to a few landmarks at home dating back to the 17th century and call them old!"

"While the Knights Hall is worthy of study because of its ancient history," went on Mr. Lane, "its greatest interest to us lies in the fact that here the second peace conference was held in 1907—a far different occasion, I take it, from the noisy, rollicking, festive scenes it must have witnessed when it was young.

"If the old knights could have peeked in while the peace congress was in session, what would they have thought? Old Count Floris, for instance, might have made a speech something like this, 'You people are all wrong. Might makes right and always has since the world began. A man is of no use whatever who cannot settle disputes by the strength of his strong right arm.' In their turn, the world powers could have replied, 'My dear count, the world has moved since your day. It has grown wiser and better. Doing away with armies

and navies is a sign of strength, not weakness.' ”

There was, everybody agreed, but one fitting ending to what Richard and Shirley called their Peace Day. This was a walk to the new and magnificent Peace Palace. As Americans, they felt a peculiar interest in the building, for was it not a generous gift of American money that had made it possible?

The palace was, in truth, a striking structure—solid, substantial, and very new—at the same time not wholly free from those Dutch gables and pointed towers that linked it with the past.

“The building shows we have truly taken a big step forward,” remarked Mr. Lane. “It may take years for wars and rumors of war to wholly die out, but a permanent home of peace will help much in bringing about that end.”

## CHAPTER IV

### BY THE NORTH SEA

Ever since their arrival in The Hague, Richard and Shirley had been eager to visit the noted shore resort on its outskirts—the one with the ridiculously long name that began with “S” and ended with “n.” This was the way they generally spoke of Scheveningen, for they found it rather difficult for an American to give the right pronunciation to the name, which rolled so easily from the tongues of the natives.

A choice of several ways of reaching the North Sea was offered—by rail, trolley or omnibus—but the Lanes were not slow in deciding they would try the omnibus by all means. Of course the only proper seats were those on top, where, directly behind the good-natured, weather-beaten driver, they could see all there was to be seen along the way. They scrambled into place and waited impatiently for the start. At last the horses condescended to turn their

faces northward and, in leisurely Dutch fashion, jogged along at a slow pace that was little more than a walk.

As the Peace Palace was reached, a beautiful wide, woody road was opened up to the travelers, the cool green foliage of which proved a welcome screen from the searching rays of the warm sun. It was the *Oude Weg*. Not one, but a series of emerald avenues the Lane party noticed—six of them in all. There was room and to spare for cars, carriages, omnibuses, and foot passengers.

The latter were mostly residents of Scheveningen, either on the way to The Hague to purchase needed household supplies or else returning home after such a shopping excursion. The two-mile walk did not seem to tire them in the least. Money was not over-plentiful in the little fishing hamlet they called home, and to use it up in car fares every time they went into town was an unnecessary luxury.

The costumes of these fisherfolk were both odd and picturesque. It was very plain that fashion books, with their changing styles for every season of the year, were of little concern to them. The women were dressed in full skirts, well covered with long aprons, and wore shawls about their shoulders. The spotless

white caps that marked them as dwellers in Scheveningen were ornamented at either side with a round gold button which in some cases had a long pin, similar to a hat-pin, thrust through it. The little Scheveningen girls were clothed very much like their mothers and looked as if they were old ladies before being given a chance to be young ones. Knitting seemed to be a favorite occupation, and even as they walked, women and girls kept up the busy clicking of their needles as if not a single precious minute could afford to be wasted. The men were arrayed in full trousers, blue or black sweaters, and small round caps with visors. They looked a sturdy, browned, independent lot. Knots of them stood talking, probably of the weather or the latest catch of fish, while now and then a fisher sweetheart passed by, his rough brown hand firmly clasped in that of the girl he admired.

The omnibus finally came to a halt. There was still a short walk before reaching the sea, but its nearness was guessed by salty, pungent odors that came from the north. Before long the great stretch of blue water itself lay spread out before the Lane family. The North Sea! How far, far away from home it had sounded back in geography days!



"Holland is bounded on the north and west by the North Sea"—Shirley could remember just how she used to say it in class. And here it was at her very feet!

A dimpling, rippling expanse of water, dotted by a sail or two on the far horizon, next, a glistening beach, then a long well-built seawalk, in back of this a stone dyke formation to keep the hungry waters in their proper place, a picturesque lighthouse and, last of all, desolate sand dunes—this was the Lanes' first impression of Scheveningen. Off at the right was the fashionable watering place with its gay villas, concert halls, piers and pavilions. Richard and Shirley purposely turned their backs on its smartness. The fact that it was too early in the season for the hooded chairs and bathing-machines they had read about may have had something to do with their indifference.

"You see, father," complained Shirley, "there are dozens of shore places at home just like it which we have visited time and again. It's lots more fun to hunt up something different. Don't you say so, Richard?"

Her loyal brother was of the same mind.

"Yes, indeed. I wish we could find something out-and-out Dutch."

As if in direct answer to the wish, there suddenly appeared before them about the "Dutchiest" object they had yet seen. A small wooden-shod lad of about ten years of age surveyed them all with serious, unsmiling eyes.

"Well, Son of the North Sea," was Mr. Lane's greeting, "where did you come from? We are pleased to make your acquaintance."

No reply, only the same grave expression as before.

"Do you mind my taking your picture?" asked Richard shyly.

Of course it was not to be expected that the boy could either understand or speak English, but as soon as his blue eyes rested on the camera, he understood at once what Richard had said. He nodded his willingness, deliberately shook some uncomfortable sand out of his wooden shoes, thrust hands in pockets, and waited for his picture to be transferred to the film. Richard thanked him when it was over, and Mr. Lane rewarded him with a small coin. The Son of the North Sea touched his cap politely and marched on, with the same unchanging face as before.

"Some day," said Mrs. Lane, "I suppose he will be wresting a hard living from this treacherous sea as his father and grandfather before

him. It is probably the only future he ever has in mind."

"But the sea looks gentle enough to-day, mother," objected Richard.

"I know, my son, but it smiles an uncertain smile. If it could speak, the stories it would tell would be of high gales, disastrous storms, wrecks, distress, weary watching and waiting. The great Hague painter, Mesdag, whose work you will see as we pass through the different Dutch art galleries, studied it in all its moods. He has shown us it can be both tender and cruel, friendly and pitiless."

On a later visit, Richard and Shirley saw for themselves that the North Sea had a changeable temper. The water was of a chocolate color under leaden clouds, a brisk north wind was blowing inland, and great thundering billows dashed quantities of knotted seaweed upon the beach with angry force. The children had no desire to be with the fishing fleet far out at sea.

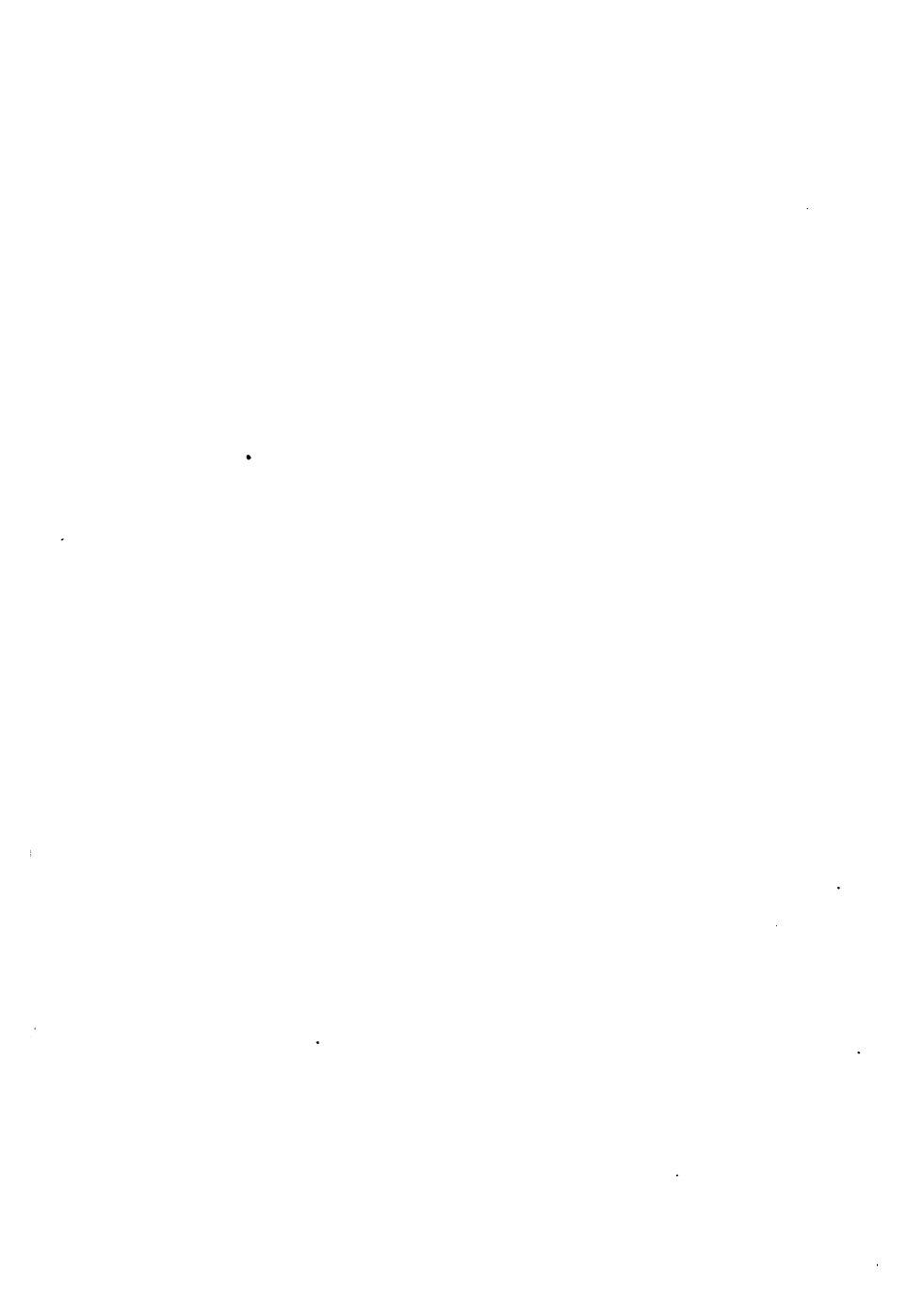
After waving adieu to the Son of the North Sea, the Lane family started to explore that portion of the coast over by the dunes. The country was practically deserted—a monotonous waste of sand and coarse grass—until an inner haven was discovered where some fishing



"SON OF THE NORTH SEA"  
SCHEVENINGEN



HELMET HEADRESS—LEEWARDEN



boats were at anchor. Packed in close together they were, displaying a long line of tangled masts, sails and cordage. It was interesting to try to piece together the history of the vessels and to read the various Dutch names on their sides. The Hollander's love of striking colors was here shown to advantage. The hulls of the boats were decorated with stripes of vivid blue, deep rose, bright orange and startling green, all in rainbow confusion.

"I like it, just the same," said Richard stoutly. "What's the use of owning a dull, old, colorless boat, anyway?"

Numerous small boys were patiently trying their hand at fishing from the decks of boats that probably belonged to fathers or uncles. Though Richard and Shirley lingered long for a bite, only a few nibbles and loss of bait rewarded the young fishermen's efforts. Yet, with true Dutch stick-to-it-ive-ness, they kept on angling.

"I know by your looks you are all pleased with Scheveningen," said Mr. Lane, "but the best is yet to come. There still remains the village itself."

The Lanes reached it in a few minutes.

Cut off entirely from its rich and showy neighbor, the summer colony, it lay half-hidden

behind the sand hills. Such a crazy maze of straggling lanes, brick-paved alleys and doll-house dwellings it would be hard to find elsewhere. Wives and mothers were busy at the wash-tub, industriously pursuing their occupation in their tiny front yards! Clothes-racks stood in the most unexpected places, draped with coarse garments whose colors had long since been dimmed by the salt water. Now and then the owner of a push-cart would call out his or her wares in a rough, sing-song voice.

"We must take care not to stare," cautioned Mr. Lane, "for many of these simple people are quite sensitive. And, really, I suppose we look as curious to them as they to us. *We* are the foreigners, remember."

The others profited by his advice and passed on without lingering at any one point. The people they passed appeared to realize their kindly intentions, and Richard and Shirley were pleased to receive an occasional smile from the washerwomen. The little church of the fishing hamlet specially interested our travelers. Before its very door were the clothes-racks, making a picture which reminded Richard of the proverb he used to write in school, "Cleanliness is next to godliness."

"What a pretty scene the interior of the

church must present on Sunday mornings," remarked Mrs. Lane, "all white with the snowy caps of the fishermen's womenfolk. I imagine many of the prayers, both spoken and silent, that are repeated under its humble roof are for the safety of those who have to depend for a livelihood upon the near-by sea—at once the hope and despair of Scheveningen."

With its eternal song still ringing in their ears, the Lane family turned back to The Hague.



## CHAPTER V

### A CHAPTER OF DUTCH HISTORY

"I have secured a new guide for you to-day."

Richard and Shirley looked at their father in surprise. They were all ready for a day's trip to Leiden.

"Whom?" they asked.

"The very best I could find in all Holland and America—guess!"

As he spoke, he transferred a slender volume from his trunk to his pocket.

"Oh, I know—Motley!" exclaimed Shirley.

"None other. We really couldn't afford to go to Leiden without him, or at least that portion of his famous history which tells of the heroic part played by the Dutch city in the history of her country. One might almost say Leiden *is* history. And not dull, stupid history, either. Though over three hundred years have passed since she showed the world the stuff of which she was made, the story is as

thrilling as if it happened yesterday. If it doesn't fire you young people with deep admiration, I shall be greatly mistaken."

"Was it in the time of the William the Silent you told us about the other day?"

"Yes, during Holland's long, persistent struggle to shake off the tyrannical yoke of Spain. But I have in mind the only appropriate spot for you to hear the story—an old Leiden landmark—so I will ask you to curb your impatience till we get there."

A twenty minutes' ride by rail or *spoorweg* brought the Lanes to the city that promised so much in the way of entertainment. Here they found numerous peaceful canals which they were surprised enough to learn were sluggish mouths of the Rhine.

"It isn't at all the Rhine I've always pictured," said Shirley disappointedly.

"It looks as if it were so tired with its long slow journey to the ocean," added Richard, "it had just given up the attempt and would try no more."

"Yet it does at last find an outlet," said Mr. Lane, "for it is true that 'even the weariest river winds somewhere safe to sea.'"

"There isn't anything that looks like fighting to me," laughed Mrs. Lane, "unless it is

the eternal war upon dirt these good Dutch housewives are forever waging."

In fact, windows, doors, steps, and sidewalks were being cleaned with painstaking thoroughness, and it required no little care to dodge the pailfuls of water that were being splashed about in all directions. The Lanes turned into a thoroughfare that the signboard said was Nieuwstraat, but which looked anything but new! At its end was a tall, iron gate which bore a design representing a lion and two crossed keys. The keys appeared to be a common symbol of Leiden. They were found at every turn. Beyond the entrance was a circular path to be climbed, with more gateways and more crossed keys!

"Why, this is something of a hill," panted Richard. "How do we happen to find it, father, in the very heart of this flat country? Was it thrown up by the sea and stranded here?"

"Men, not nature, built this mound, but so very, very long ago that there is a dispute as to just who they really were. Some say the Romans, others the Saxon invader of England, Hengist."

The hill was crowned by a rounded wall. From this former fortress known as the Burg,

a pretty picture of huddled, red-tiled roofs and lofty church spires could be seen. Soft chimes from the Stadhuis furnished sweet music.

"What better place could we find for Leiden's story?" began Mr. Lane. "The Dutch Revolution was well under way when in the never-to-be-forgotten year of 1574 Leiden was besieged by the Spanish. Calmly the Leideners resolved not to surrender at any cost. The untold hardships that followed are almost unbelievable. Meanwhile, the besieging army waited scornfully outside the walls. With their stronger, more experienced forces, they would make short work of these obstinate Dutch! It really looked as if they might, too. Then it was that William the Silent hit upon the only scheme that could save the poor, besieged city. He would pierce the sea-walls that his people had built with such painstaking patience and let the water swallow up the land! In Motley's words, 'Leiden was not upon the sea, but he could send the sea to Leiden.' With it, a rescuing fleet was to sail up to the very gates of the city, for Holland was always stronger upon water than on land.

"Do you ask how the distressed hemmed-in people received the news? With joyous processions, stirring music, and the booming of

cannons! 'Better a drowned land than a lost land' was heard on all sides. But their troubles were not yet at an end. Brave Admiral Boisot and his ships had to fight their way by inches against fortified walls that the sea failed to cover, shallow water, adverse winds, and veteran troops that outnumbered his sailors four to one! The hopeless, horrible summer months dragged on. After every scrap of meat and every crumb of bread was devoured, the people were reduced to a kind of malt-cake, then the leaves of the trees, then—nothing. You can easily picture how, from this ancient Burg, men, women, and little children strained their weary eyes seaward day after day—how they rose each morning with fresh hope and went to bed each night with sickening despair. When the weather-vanes pointed west, they rejoiced, when they pointed east, they lost courage.

"Finally, it seemed as if Heaven itself meant to fight for the Dutch. On the first of October, a raging storm came as if in answer to the prayers of poor, besieged Leiden. It won for the rescuing fleet all but one fort, Lammen by name. Should the staunch admiral pause now? You can believe he did not hesitate, though the night before the proposed



THE BURG—LEIDEN



attack, moving lights, the crash of a falling city wall and other mysterious sights and sounds looked very much as if Leiden was in the hands of the Spanish. But Motley must finish the story for you:

“Day dawned at length, after the feverish night, and the Admiral prepared for the assault. Within the fortress reigned a death-like stillness, which inspired a sickening suspicion. Had the city, indeed, been carried in the night; had the massacre already commenced; had all this labor and audacity been expended in vain? Suddenly a man was descried, wading breast-high through the water from Lammen toward the fleet, while at the same time one solitary boy was seen to wave his cap from the summit of the fort. After a moment of doubt, the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled, panic-struck, during the darkness. Their position would still have enabled them, with firmness, to frustrate the enterprise of the patriots, but the hand of God, which had sent the ocean and the tempest to the deliverance of Leiden, had struck her enemies with terror likewise. The lights which had been seen moving during the night were the lanterns of the retreating Spaniards, and the boy who was now waving his triumphal signal from the battlements had alone witnessed the spectacle. So confident was he in the conclusion to which it led him, that he had volunteered at daybreak to go thither all alone.

“Thus the Spaniards had retreated at the very moment that an extraordinary accident had laid bare a whole side of the city for their entrance. The noise of



the wall, as it fell, only inspired them with fresh alarm; for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruction. All obstacles being now removed, the fleet of Boisot swept by Lammen, and entered the city on the morning of the third of October. Leiden was relieved.

“The quays were lined with the famishing population, as the fleet rowed through the canals, every human being who could stand coming forth to greet the preservers of the city. Bread was thrown from every vessel among the crowd. The poor creatures who for two months had tasted no wholesome human food, and who had literally been living within the jaws of death, snatched eagerly the blessed gift.

“‘Nearly every living person within the walls all repaired without delay to the great church, stout Admiral Boisot leading the way. The starving and heroic city, which had been so firm in its resistance to an earthly king, now bent itself in humble gratitude before the King of kings. After prayers, the whole vast congregation joined in the thanksgiving hymn. Thousands of voices raised the song, but few were able to carry it to its conclusion, for the universal emotion, deepened by the music, became too full for utterance. The hymn was abruptly suspended, while the multitude wept like children.’”

Mr. Lane closed the volume and laid it down.

“What a glorious story!” exclaimed Richard and Shirley breathlessly.

“It is said,” continued Mr. Lane, “that the

lad who figures in the Relief of Leiden found a pot over the deserted smoldering camp-fire, containing what is known as 'hodge-podge'—a mixture of carrots, onions, potatoes, and meat. To this day, on every 8rd of October, patriotic Leideners have this dish for dinner."

"Didn't any of those shut-in people ever get tired of being heroes and want to give up the whole struggle?" asked Richard.

"Your question brings me to one part of the tale you have not yet heard—that of the fearless Burgomaster Adrian van der Werf. It is a story which deserves to be told all by itself. But first I will take you to the lovely green park named after him where a grateful city has erected a monument in his honor."

Richard and Shirley were not long in finding the memorial.

"The good burgomaster," said their father, "was willing to die rather than submit to dishonor. During the long-drawn-out, awful siege, there were faint hearts now and then, as might be expected. It isn't easy to be a hero in the face of almost certain death. 'Why not make terms with the Spanish besiegers,' muttered some, 'and so put an end to needless suffering?' Rumors of such talk reached the ears of the burgomaster and once a threatening

crowd stopped him in the street. But Motley can tell you what followed in better words than mine:

“ ‘What would ye, my friends (he said). Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards, a fate more horrible than the agony which she now endures? I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city, and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once; whether by your hands, the enemy’s, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me, not so that of the city entrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved, but starvation is preferable to the dishonored death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not; my life is at your disposal; here is my sword, plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender, so long as I remain alive.’ ”

“ ‘The words of the stout burgomaster inspired a new courage in the hearts of those who heard him, and a shout of applause and defiance arose from the famishing but enthusiastic crowd. They left the place after exchanging new vows of fidelity with their magistrate, and again ascended tower and battlement to watch for the coming fleet.’ ”

Richard and Shirley studied intently four panels at the base of the monument. They repeated the story in picture form. The one which pleased them most was a quaint representation of the Relief of Leiden, showing the

famishing townspeople greeting with outstretched arms those who had come to their rescue. Herrings and bread were being passed out with a liberal hand and many people had turned back home, holding the fishes high above their heads. "Now we may dry our long tearful eyes, because Leiden is relieved," read the Dutch inscription underneath.

"For their noble sacrifice and patriotism," went on Mr. Lane, "the people of Leiden were rewarded by William the Silent. He founded their famous university which is now over three hundred years old. The gift pleased them, for, with the Dutch, love of country and love of learning went hand in hand."

Richard and Shirley were anxious to see the historic buildings. Guided by their parents, they walked through a beautiful shady street by the side of a sleepy canal. Mr. and Mrs. Lane paused in front of what appeared to be an ancient church. The children would have passed it by and were surprised to learn it was the oldest of the university buildings—formerly part of a monastery. A profitable and pleasant half hour was spent wandering through the old halls of the University. Richard and Shirley found themselves talking in

whispers, so impressed were they with the history and age of the place.

"I should think a fellow might be proud to be a graduate of Leiden University," said Richard.

"He might well be," answered Mr. Lane. "And now to lunch."

The party discovered a comfortable little inn farther along on the same street and found that the thrilling history of the morning had by no means stolen away their appetites.

"What will you have, son?" asked Mr. Lane of Richard.

"A herring or two," came the prompt answer. "And, father, if they have hodge-podge on hand to-day, I'd like to try that, too. I really think I'm as hungry as the Leideners were during the siege."

## CHAPTER VI

### ROUND THE UNIVERSITY TOWN

The Lanes were not yet through with Leiden. It was still full of surprises and the afternoon passed rapidly stumbling upon new discoveries. The City of Conundrums Richard and Shirley nicknamed the old university town.

The biggest one of all was found on the old gray Stadhuis whose musical chimes had been heard on the Burg. While trying to get a near view of the building, Shirley's sharp eyes caught sight of a peculiar jumbled-up sentence over one of the entrances. Mostly big V's and W's it was, with other capitals bobbing up in the most unexpected places.

"Copy it in your note-book, little girl," advised Mr. Lane, "and this evening we will all make it out."

"But I cannot read a single one of those queer Dutch words."

"Even so. The cryptogram (for that is what it is) contains enough you *can* understand

to make it interesting. And I don't know of any greater curiosity you can take back home with you."

So Shirley took down as best she could the irregular inscription. It looked something like this in her note-book:

"nae s Warte hVnger-noot gebraCht had tot de doot bInaest zesdVIzent MensChen, aLs't god den heer Verdroot gaf hI Vns Weder broot, zo VeeL WI CVnsten WensChen."

Shirley wanted the story on the spot, but was persuaded to save the tempting puzzle till later.

The head-dress of some of the women seen on the Leiden streets was a second novel sight. The simple caps of soft lace were, in some cases, ornamented with a fine gold chain running across the forehead and carrying at the center a suspended trinket. Mr. Lane told the children that, unfortunately, the wearing of picturesque caps was not so popular with the young girls growing up in Holland to-day as it had been with their mothers and grandmothers. Even some of the older people, while not willing to give up the pretty custom altogether, were trying very hard to be up-to-date at the same time, for perched on top of the white cap was often an ugly black bonnet!

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"I do wish they could see themselves as others see them," remarked Mrs. Lane; "if so, they would surely throw the hideous bonnets in the nearest canal."

Just then she stopped abruptly in front of an old gateway. There was nothing about it to specially attract the attention but a queer rambling date. It read:

o                    c  
A M I V C X C I I

"Did you ever see a funnier way of writing 1492?" said Mrs. Lane. "Let me take you inside. This is *my* 'find.'"

It turned out to be a discovery worth while, for one would never have guessed that hidden away in back of the busy public streets there could be so peaceful a spot as the Lane family now found. The place was called the St. Anna Hofje—a home for old ladies. What made it different from similar institutions in America was that the occupants didn't have to live in one big, prison-like building and give up their home life altogether. No, here in Holland a better plan had been adopted many, many years ago.

There are the same number of tiny, separate homes in each hofje as there are nice old ladies



to occupy them. In every one are the dweller's own little treasures, her window is bright with plants and vines of her own choosing and, in short, she lives her own life in the way that pleases her best. Three sides of the little square courtyard of the St. Anna Hofje were thus taken up with what looked for all the world like play-houses, while the court itself was a place of beauty with trim gardens, well-kept paths and gay window-boxes. The old ladies were out in the sunshine gossiping about their gardens and whatever else made up their small world. They greeted the Lane visitors with a courteous nod or smile as they passed by.

"Oh, mother, isn't this perfectly lovely?" cried Shirley. "If all homes for old ladies were as nice as this, I wouldn't mind spending part of my life in one."

"It's rather early to decide that question, my little daughter," her mother replied, with a smile. "But one kind old lady is inviting us to enter her home."

The latter stood on the clean doorstep of her humble dwelling with a plain invitation written on her kindly wrinkled face.

"I still love to have company," she seemed

to say, "even though I am not so young as I was once."

The Lanes were, indeed, only too glad to see the inside of one of the play-houses, but found it required some squeezing for all four to find a place in the tiny living-room. How it was possible to crowd into such a small space all the furnishings their hostess had somehow managed to stow away there remains a mystery to this day. Chairs, a table, china, souvenirs, flowers, photographs, post-cards, a singing teakettle, chirping canary—these were only a few of the things that made home for the little old lady. She proudly pointed to her precious belongings as if she wouldn't have parted with one of them at any price.

There was still an unused chapel to be explored on the hofje grounds. It was small and cozy like the houses, not a bit like a church, and dated far back to Roman Catholic times. An altar with an oil painting, candelabra, and some early relics were among the objects of interest.

Regretfully the Lane family at last said good-bye to the St. Anna Hofje. It seemed the nicest thing they had yet seen in all Holland, yet within five minutes they stumbled upon a better one on the same street—a home for

aged couples. Even though the old men and women they found here had little or no money and few possessions left in the world, they were the picture of content. They could spend their last years *together* without having to be separated by stern relatives, the law or poverty—that was the secret of it.

“And they lived happy ever after,” said Mrs. Lane softly.

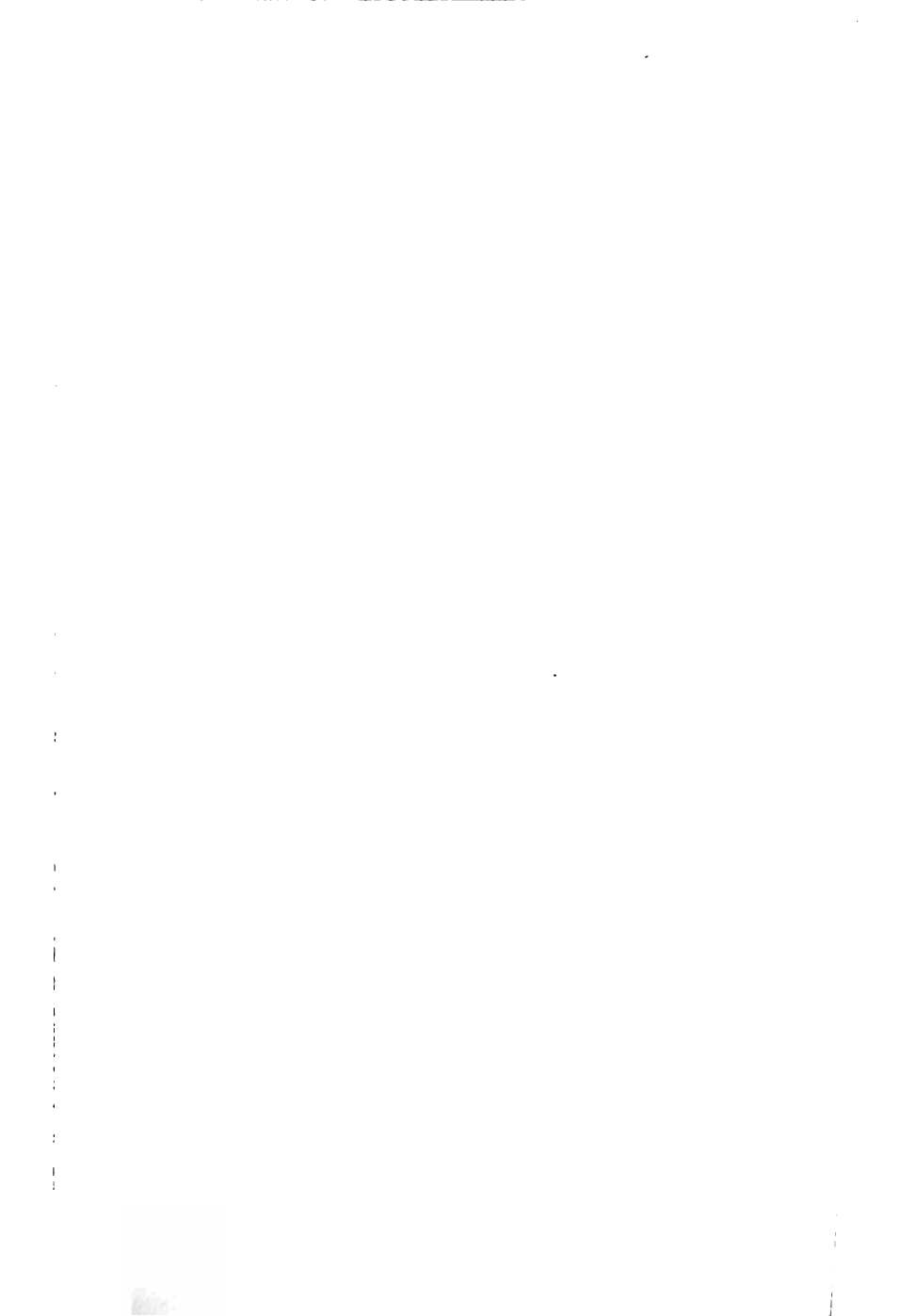
Of course Richard and Shirley had to have a glimpse of the old city gates—those strong sentinels that meant so much more in warlike days than now. Their only purpose at present, said Mr. Lane, was to look interesting and furnish subjects for small boys’ cameras. It was just at the close of school that Richard attempted to snap the Morsch Gate. Instantly several dozen curious Dutch children surrounded him—almost as if they had sprung up from the earth.

“What could the strange boy want of such an old thing as that gate they had seen all their lives?” their wondering looks seemed to say.

Richard was discouraged. He began to think his picture would be all children and no gate, when a polite policeman came to the rescue. At his word of command, the flock melted like dew before the sun. The clatter,



MORSCH GATE—LEIDEN



clatter of their wooden shoes along the paved street and across the near-by bridge grew fainter and fainter. Only at a respectable distance, well out of reach of the law, did the children dare to look back for another glimpse of the picture-taking box and its owner.

The old Zyl Gate, which had attained the extreme age of nearly two hundred and fifty years, was at the other end of the city, but well worth a visit. The Lanes had just passed through when Richard stopped short.

"What do you see on that bridge across the canal, Shirley?" he asked excitedly.

"Why, only a man fishing."

"Look again."

She did so, and the second time saw something that had escaped her at first. There stood the supposed fisherman with pole and line as before, but bait of the funniest sort Shirley had ever seen. Nothing else than a wooden shoe! What could it all mean?

Neither she nor Richard had to wait long to find out. The bridge had swung round so as to allow an approaching boat to pass by. It was a flat barge on the way to market laden with gorgeous flowers. Without lessening speed at all, the owner of the boat stood up as he passed the bridge and dropped a coin into

the shoe that the other man lowered. It was, then, simply a Dutch way of taking toll! The fisherman smiled kindly as he noticed the children's looks of bewilderment, and stood still for them to take his picture.

After their return to The Hague, the minute dinner was over, Richard and Shirley secured pencils and paper and begged their father to solve the *Stadhuis* mystery for them.

"For the real meaning of the sentence," he said, "I had to ask a Dutch acquaintance. It concerns the siege which we found this morning was the greatest event in Leiden's history and says:

" 'When the black famine had brought to the death nearly six thousand persons, then God the Lord repented of it, and gave us bread again as much as we could wish.'

"Now each of you count the number of letters in the sentence. Only take care to count each W twice, for it is really two V's joined together."

Richard and Shirley did as directed. They reached the last letter at the same time and cried in one breath:

"One hundred and thirty-one!"

"Exactly. Just the number of days of the famous siege, including the 26th of May it be-

gan and the 3rd of October it ended. Now pick out all the capitals, give to each the value it would have as a Roman numeral, and add them up. Again, remember to count W as two V's."

The children eagerly continued the cryptogram. Placing all the numerals of the same kind in a line by themselves, they figured it out something like this:

W W W W	equals	40
V V V V V V	"	30
C C C C	"	400
I I I I	"	4
M	"	1000
L L	"	100
		<hr/>
		1574

"Does 1574 mean anything to you?" asked Mr. Lane.

"Why, yes, the date of the siege. What a jolly puzzle!" said Shirley. "I call this a red-letter day. Never in my whole life have I seen so many interesting things in twenty-four hours."

The entire family, in fact, felt that though it had been their first visit to Leiden, they hoped it would by no means be the last.



## CHAPTER VII

### A DAY IN HAARLEM

To spend a day in Haarlem before the close of April was one part of the Dutch trip the Lanes had decided upon long before touching Holland. It would never do to visit that city and vicinity after the glory of the bulb fields had departed! Other interesting things might be left, to be sure, but they would scarcely make up for the lack of tulips.

Haarlem and tulips! Were they not always mentioned together? And did not the flaming post-cards point out that this annual miracle of flowers was Haarlem's chief pride and charm?

So in order to view the gorgeous display of blossoms for themselves, the Lanes turned Haarlemward from The Hague one bright spring morning. The journey between the two cities was not wholly strange, for part of the way was over the familiar road to Leiden. Not long after its railroad station had been left

behind, Richard and Shirley began to get a hint of what tulip beauty might be. Solid, brilliant patches of the most wonderful colors ever imagined began to appear—earth coverings of such exquisite tints it seemed as if they could have been produced only by the hand of a magician. Snow-white, rose, orange, scarlet, deep purple—these and many other shades formed rainbow combinations.

"They look like the carpets of some rich Eastern ruler," said Shirley, "the kind we used to read about in the Arabian Nights."

"They come pretty near being really Oriental rugs," replied her father. "The first tulips seen in Holland came from Turkey a few centuries ago, probably brought from there by merchants. They became very popular, and though other European countries engaged in their culture, the Netherlands took the lead. Did you ever hear about the tulip mania?"

"No, tell us about it."

"It was a sort of craze that attacked the sober, sensible Dutch people in the middle of the seventeenth century. They completely lost their heads making money out of the tulips. Instead of gambling with actual money, they substituted bulbs and the prices of these

mounted higher and higher till fabulous sums were reached. Sometimes a single special bulb sold for hundreds of dollars. Many of these expensive tulips did not really pass from hand to hand, but existed only on paper. It was an immense speculating scheme—nothing more. Fortunes were made and lost—then the nation woke up. Finally, only memories of the tulip fever remained to remind the country how very foolish it had been.”

“What a strange thing—to gamble in flowers!”

“I don’t wonder you say so. But Holland came to her senses, as I have said. She made up her mind that to raise and sell the tulips at a fair price was a much safer means of earning an income than gambling with them. Some day you must read the romance called ‘The Black Tulip,’ written by the French author, Dumas, telling about this exciting period of Dutch history.”

“Didn’t you say we would pass through the great Haarlemmermeer Polder, father!” asked Richard.

“Yes, you see a portion of the reclaimed land at your right. Just imagine in its place a dangerous inland sea constantly flooding and destroying property and refusing to be kept in

check. It is hard to picture, is it not? Something had to be done and the persevering Dutch did it. With the same matter of fact calmness with which they had opened up the floodgates to let the water in to Leiden, they now set about sending it out of the Haarlem Sea and keeping it out. Extensive pumping operations followed. The result was worth all the expense and trouble it cost, for in something over three years, Holland was given a rich, fertile sea-bed that is among her most productive possessions."

"Haarlem! Haarlem!" called out the conductor.

Shirley blinked and sat up. The name sounded so familiar that for a moment she imagined herself back in the upper part of New York City. Then she looked at the station sign.

"Oh, *this* Haarlem has two a's," she said, "and looks a little more Dutch than the Harlem at home."

A short trolley ride took the Lane party across town to a beautiful woody avenue where they boarded a "stoom tram." This was really only a small edition of a regular steam train that went rambling in a familiar way along the outskirts of cities, through village

streets, and close to people's front doors. Attached to it was a funny little engine. It took Richard, Shirley, and their parents to a small place called Hillegom. This side excursion enabled them to see the tulip fields at much closer range than from the railroad.

"How much we think of a single tulip at home," exclaimed Shirley. "Here they seem to actually throw them away."

There were, in fact, huge piles of discarded blossoms along the edges of fields that looked scarcely faded enough to be thrown aside. Throughout Holland there was the same profusion of tulips. Hardly a hotel or restaurant table was without a vase of these cuplike flowers, and bowls of them brightened up windows everywhere.

As soon as Mrs. Lane and Shirley could be induced to turn their backs on the tulips, the family returned to Haarlem to enjoy some of the street sights. As in so many Dutch towns, the life of Haarlem centered about a historic old church. For centuries men and women had lived and died under the shadow of the cathedral and the church still looked substantial enough to shelter many new generations. Clinging close to its sides in an intimate fashion (so near that one could really not tell where

the walls of the church began) were sagging rows of low dwellings and shops. Even a fish-market rubbed elbows with the ancient pile! Yet the Groote Kerk, rising at last well above the roofs of these hangers-on, appeared not to notice their familiarity in the least.

"There is room for all," it seemed to say.

Mrs. Lane and Shirley were not long in finding out that some of the dark doorways at the base of the cathedral led into fascinating pewter and silver shops. Of course the most enticing wares were placed in the windows—squatty teapots, spoons with windmill handles, and the dearest candlesticks one ever saw! Shirley contented herself with a quaint pewter porringer with two fancy side-handles. She would like to have bought out the entire stock then and there to distribute among her friends at home, but Richard pulled her sleeve.

"Do leave a *few* pieces of Haarlem pewter and silver," he said, "for the next Americans who are anxious to spend their money. I want to see some of those odd things inside the church father has been telling me about."

With a lingering backward glance, Shirley picked up her porringer and followed her brother. Being a boy, he went straight for the hanging ships, once the interior of the church

was reached. There were three of these rigged and fully equipped models that would have delighted the heart of any child who loved to play with toy ships. Dusty and ancient, they hung as if waiting a long delayed call to service.

"What a strange place for them—in a church!" said Richard.

His father was of the opinion that to the Dutch mind, this was the most appropriate of all spots.

"For," said he, "ships have played so big a part in Holland's story, both in the way of war and commerce, that I suppose they have come to be precious symbols. Suppose, next, we find the cannon-ball in the south aisle."

Tightly embedded in the very wall of the church was this war-like souvenir that had kept its place since 1572.

"Haarlem had its siege, like Leiden," said Mr. Lane, in explanation. "She set her sister city an example of patience and courage that may have helped the other considerably when her own period of distress came. However, no rescuing party saved Haarlem from falling into the hands of the Spanish, as in the case of Leiden, though everything possible was done to save her from her doom. After a gallant

defence that began in wintry December and lasted till torrid July, the city was obliged to surrender.

"Think what scenes the old church has witnessed! It never knew a sadder day, we can easily believe, than that on which it waved from its tower the black flag of despair."

While Richard and his father were living over again the stirring history of Haarlem's endurance, Shirley and her mother were admiring the magnificent organ. Its fame had extended far and wide, for it was at one time considered one of the largest and most powerful in the world. Even so famous a music master as Handel once tried its keys. Clusters of pipes, large and small, in a setting of fanciful figures, aspired heavenward. At the very top, directly under the roof, was Haarlem's coat-of-arms, supported by a lion on either side.

There were still left a beautiful brass screen, some carved choir stalls, and colored pillars. These were all a pleasant surprise to the Lane family, for every Dutch church they had thus far visited had been cold and bare, with nothing to offset the ugliness of its whitewashed walls. The glory and beauty of these structures belonged only to very early times. When they changed from Catholic cathedrals to



Protestant kerks, the Dutch aimed to make the interiors correspond to the difference in faith.

"We will be thankful, therefore," said Mr. Lane, "that this much of St. Bavo's treasures are left to adorn the Groote Kerk."

Richard and Shirley were of the same mind. Such interesting choir stalls they had never seen. Each of the hinged seats, when turned back, displayed a grotesque carved face underneath, while a row of knob-faces separated the stalls. For a background, there were colored coats-of-arms of well-known Haarlem families, in which the children picked out checker-board designs, crowns, lions, swords, and crescents.

"These touches of color," said Mrs. Lane, pointing to the coats-of-arms and the painted pillars, "give a truly human spirit to the old church."

Out in the open market-place was a striking statue that immediately started Richard asking questions. As usual, he turned to his father for answers.

"The man holds a book in his left hand, but what is that in his right?"

"A movable type. This is Coster, the early Dutch printer. His invention saved considerable work, for whereas formerly every page of

a book to be printed was made in one carved block so that no letter could be used for any other page, his improved separate type could be used again and again. He is said to have first fashioned letters from the bark of a birch tree. These were followed by wooden ones, then lead, finally tin.

"The story goes that an assistant of Coster's stole his master's secrets and, fleeing to other cities, made use of them for his own benefit. A funny part of the story is that Coster was not the Dutch printer's real name at all."

"How was that?"

"Well, he was named Laurens Janszoon, but held an office in the Haarlem church that gave him the title of 'coster.' Coster he became and Coster he remained, and it is that name which has come down to us. There are those who do not think much of the Haarlem printer's claim as an important discoverer, but at least his native city believes in him and is proud of him."

Among Haarlem's remaining sights of interest was a weigh-house—indeed, what Dutch city is without one? A visit to this was followed by a stroll to the old gate facing Amsterdam, which takes its name from that city and is the last of Haarlem's gates still standing. A collection of pointed towers it seemed,

with three at the back peeking over the heads of the lower ones in front.

In continuing the walk about town, a queer sign was noticed, which kept repeating itself in the store windows. It read, "Haarlem Halletjes."

"Some more sweetmeats for you to test, Shirley," said Mrs. Lane.

Shirley was quite willing to do so. In return for thirty Dutch cents, she received a neatly done up, round tin box of the peculiar cakes for which Haarlem is noted. Thin, crisp, molasses cookies they appeared to be, and all pronounced them appetizing. In fact, these latest souvenirs of Haarlem were nibbled so steadily that by the time the capital was reached, the tin was quite empty.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THROUGH DELFT DOORWAYS

"Cities are like people," said Mrs. Lane. "Now when we're in The Hague, I am constantly reminded of a smart, well-dressed, up-to-date person who is trying to keep in touch with all that is new and worth while. Leiden, on the other hand, lives in both the past and the present. She is proud of her history and means that you shall not forget it. At the same time, she is busy and ambitious with present-day concerns."

"And Delft?"

When Mr. Lane put the question, the family were standing by the side of Delft's sleepest, shadiest, most peaceful canal.

"Why, Delft appears to me to have altogether forgotten that there is a modern workaday world. She is a dream city, living on memories."

It was in search of these memories that the Lanes had come to Delft. They found it, as

Mrs. Lane had hinted, modest, retired—a place apart. Old-fashioned houses, peaked red roofs, curious gateways, canals that mirrored green lime trees in their unruffled surface, bow bridges—these made up Delft's charm. The leaning tower of the Oude Kerk, bending protectingly over the tree-tops and canal underneath, formed a picture one could not easily forget.

The entrance to the church was the first Delft doorway the Lanes entered. The change from the bright spring warmth outside to the gloomy chill within sent a shiver over them all.

"If it's like this in late April, what must it be in January and February?"

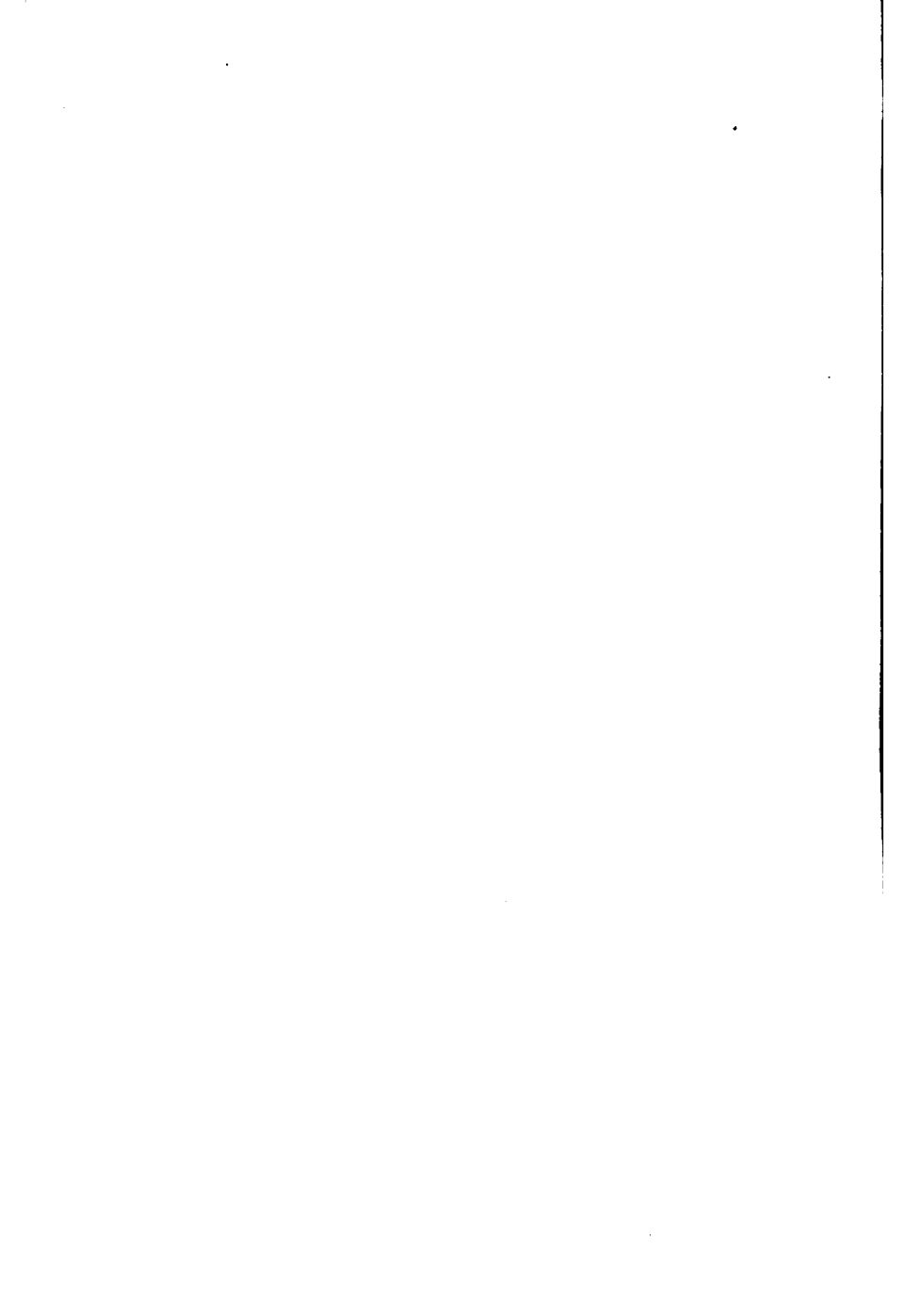
In answer to Shirley's exclamation, the caretaker took the visitors into a little side room, where he pointed out an open fireplace and hundreds of small contrivances such as they had never before seen. Richard and Shirley were utterly at a loss to guess their use. The Dutchman smiled at their puzzled expressions.

"Did you never see a foot-warmer?"

The young people shook their heads. The other picked up one of the square wooden boxes (for that is what it really was) and showed that it was provided with a metal handle and a pottery jar inside. This dish was to



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## THROUGH DELFT DOORWAYS 77

hold a small brick of pressed coal dust, which was first heated in the open fireplace. With one of these warmers at her feet, a lady might listen to the longest of sermons with some comfort. At least, that was what the guide thought. Shirley had her doubts about it, and not even the presence of four enormous stoves served to call up a picture of winter cheer.

An old Dutch Bible with psalm tunes and stout covers of oak and leather, some two hundred years old, interested the children greatly.

"And now you must see the tomb of our great Tromp," said the guide.

"Who was he?" asked Shirley, in a side whisper to her brother.

"I don't know," he whispered back.

The man looked reproachfully at his young visitors. To think of there being any children living, of school age, who did not know about the famous, the only Tromp! Why, even their gracious queen, two hundred and fifty long years after the hero's death, had remembered to place a wreath on his last resting place. He pointed gravely to the faded memorial, which was still in its place. He then went on to tell them how Maarten Harpertzoon Tromp had been a wonderful Dutch ad-



miral, feared by pirates, dreaded by the English—the terror, in fact, of all who encountered him on the high seas. Only the speaker's limited knowledge of English saved Richard and Shirley from listening to an endless tale of the virtues of the national hero.

The next doorway to beckon invitingly to the travelers was just across the canal from the Oude Kerk, and, like it, on the thoroughfare known as Oude Delft. It was the outer entrance to the Prinsenhof, the last home of William the Silent, and opened on to a paved courtyard. In one corner a busy housewife was industriously chasing dirt out of a family washing with board and scrubbing-brush! She scarcely gave the Lanes a glance, so intent was she on ridding the clothes of the offending dirt.

"They must be of better material than our own," smiled Mrs. Lane, "or they could hardly survive such rough treatment."

"But what a queer place to be doing a washing," said Shirley, in astonishment, "within stone's throw of the house where the Father of his Country lived and died. It is as if a washwoman had stationed her tub on the lawn of Mount Vernon."

The Lane family rang a bell in the building

## THROUGH DELFT DOORWAYS 79

opposite the courtyard entrance. In response to the summons, a courteous guide opened the door and the party found themselves in the historic Prinsenhof. It was once a monastery and still suggested one.

The dining-room alone had been restored to look as nearly as possible as it had been in the days of William of Orange. A princely room it was, with lofty raftered ceiling, heavy oak paneling along four sides, and a row of spacious windows. There were insets of rich stained glass, and the sun, streaming through them, repeated their glory on the floor. The room was one in which fifty or more guests could have been entertained with ease.

"Think what important state dinners must have been held here in the days of the Prince of Orange," said Mr. Lane. "Of light, frivolous talk there could have been little, for those were the times of grave councils, alarming dispatches, plots and counter-plots."

The entire eventful history of William the Silent could be followed in pictures along the walls and relics carefully preserved in glass cases. Looking down upon the Lanes was a particularly fine portrait of the hero who held first place in his country's regard. It was done when the Prince was quite young, but on

his features was stamped the same earnest, grave strength of character that later made him the great man he was.

"I like his face, don't you, father?" exclaimed Richard, with enthusiasm. "He seems to be almost speaking the motto of the House of Orange, 'I Will Maintain.'"

"It is a pity," said his father, "we cannot picture William the Silent living to a good old age in this roomy mansion surrounded by loving sons and daughters, an affectionate wife, and trusted friends. Unfortunately, real histories sometimes end unhappily, unlike the story-books. So with our Dutch hero. His noble and useful life was cut short by an assassin's bullet."

Richard and Shirley thoughtfully followed the guide out into the vestibule, where he pointed out the scene of the tragedy—the staircase the Prince of Orange was ascending after dinner, the bullet holes in the wall, and the lurking place of the murderer.

"He was one Balthazar Gerard," explained the guide, "a religious fanatic in the pay of Spanish enemies. The Prince, thus suddenly cut down, still had time, in the few minutes allowed him, to think of the people who were

## THROUGH DELFT DOORWAYS 81

always nearest his heart. His last prayer was for them."

To visit the shrine where William the Silent lay buried was the desire of all, after reluctantly taking leave of the Prinsenhof. But Mr. Lane suggested that they first rest and have lunch. The two things were the same, in fact, for our party had early discovered that no "quick lunches" were to be had on Dutch soil. Even the eating of a sandwich was a slow and serious affair.

When the open market-place was reached, the travelers spied a little restaurant and lost no time entering its humble doorway. Though there were tables and chairs on the first floor, the proprietor led the way up a very steep flight of stairs to a second room above. This was what seemed to be a combination restaurant and private living-room. The floor was carpeted, there were family photographs on the mantel, and a writing-desk in one corner.

"This is almost like visiting, isn't it?" said Richard. "Oh, let's sit over by the window."

A cozy table was selected where all could see what was going on in the square below. Mr. Lane asked for a bill of fare. None was in sight, the only one the house boasted being in hiding behind a huge Dutch calendar on

the wall! The proprietor obligingly brought it forth to the light of day.

"Shall we order an omelet?"

There was a twinkle in Mr. Lane's eye as he asked the question, for omelets had come to be a staple article of fare with the Lane family—the simple reason being that it was about the only familiar word on a Dutch menu.

"And may we have aardappellen to go with it, father?" Shirley asked.

She was very proud of having discovered the Dutch word for potatoes the day before.

"And kaas?" put in Richard, who didn't mean to be outdone.

While the omelet, potatoes, and cheese were being made ready, numerous Delft students found their way to the comfortable eating-room. It appeared to be their regular noon meeting-place. Deliberately and quietly they took their seats and, unwrapping their sandwiches done up in paraffin paper, proceeded to dispose of them in double the time a similar group of American school-boys would have allowed. Nearly every student ordered a tall glass of cold chocolate, and so refreshing did it look that Richard and Shirley did the same. No noisy din disturbed the quiet of the place—



EAST GATE—DELFT



only scraps of conversation, carried on in an undertone, reached the Lanes' corner.

"That man looks lonesome down in the middle of the square," said Richard. "Who is he, father?"

Mr. Lane looked down at the statue that had the open space all to itself.

"That is Grotius, a native of Delft, and a very learned statesman and scholar."

Richard looked in his guide-book.

"He must have been a wonder, father, if he possessed all the virtues that are put down here."

Mr. Lane laughingly read aloud to the others the flowery epitaph:

"The Wonder of Europe, the sole astonishment of the learned world, the splendid work of nature surpassing itself, the summit of genius, the image of virtue, the ornament raised above mankind, to whom the defended honor of true religion gave cedars from the top of Lebanon, whom Mars adorned with laurels and Pallas with olive branches, when he had published 'The Right of War and Peace': whom the Thames and the Seine regarded as the wonder of the Dutch, and whom the court of Sweden took in its service: Here lies Grotius, shun this tomb, ye who do not burn with love of the Muses and your country."

"To make him seem a little more real," continued Mr. Lane, "there is a true story con-



nected with him I think you will enjoy hearing. It shows how a woman's wit may sometimes help a man out of a tight place. This Grotius became involved in some religious disputes of his day, and because he did not believe as he was told to, was sentenced to imprisonment for life. His wife decided to save him—and succeeded. With her help, he hid himself in a large chest supposed to contain books. This was carried from the prison without the authorities having any idea of its real contents. He fled the country and enjoyed his liberty the rest of his life. You will be interested to know that his tomb in the near-by church is decorated with a silver wreath, placed there by the American delegates to the first Peace Conference. They chose an appropriate date to do honor to the Delft statesman—our own Fourth of July.”

Lunch completed, the Lane family entered the doorway of the stately Nieuwe Kerk.

“Just think, children,” said Mrs. Lane, “of calling a church new that was built in the 15th century—before our New York was even thought of! Being newer than the Oude Kerk, however, the name clings to it.”

There was the same icy chill in the Nieuwe Kerk as in the Oude Kerk. Again, a collec-

## THROUGH DELFT DOORWAYS 85

tion of foot-warmers were shown—nine hundred this time!

"They are for the ladies," the guide said.

"And what keeps the men warm?" somebody asked.

"We Dutchmen never feel the cold," was the reply.

William the Silent's memorial was elaborate and wonderful—all that a loving and grateful people could do in his honor had been done. One could have studied the details of the tomb an hour or more.

"But it's the dog I want to know about," announced Richard, "not the figures, pillars, ornaments, and things."

He pointed to the sculptured animal lying at his master's feet—a favorite resting-place, one could easily imagine. The guide had just said that the figure of the Prince, the mattress on which he was lying, and the dog were carved from one piece of marble.

"William the Silent's fondness for spaniels," said Mr. Lane, "dated from the day when one of these dogs was the means of saving his life. He was in camp, when the enemy made a sudden midnight attack upon his forces. They would not have hesitated to kill the Dutch leader had not his faithful little pet warned

him of their approach by scratching his face. The dog little knew how much his simple act of devotion meant in the history of Holland! Thereafter the Prince always kept an animal of this breed in his sleeping-room. According to the story commonly told, the one here shown would not be comforted at his master's death and literally starved to death."

"I don't wonder the little dog loved William the Silent," said Shirley. "I think he is a splendid hero, and I am sure I shall always think of him with George Washington and Abraham Lincoln."

## CHAPTER IX

### THE CITY OF MASTS

The Lane family stopped over night in Delft. They did this for two reasons—that they might prolong their stay in the charming old town till the last possible moment, and also get an early start in the morning for Rotterdam.

To travel leisurely by canal boat from Delft to Rotterdam was, they felt sure, the only way to approach the City of Masts. The journey would have all the novelty of a first canal trip, and for many days Richard and Shirley had been looking forward to it with pleasant anticipations. At an early hour, they were ready and impatient to be off. It seemed such a long time before the start!—even after boarding the brightly painted little “stoomboot” at the foot of Oude Delft. Why were the Dutch always so calm and unmoved?

At last, however, they were under way. The toy steamer actually saw fit to point its blunt

nose in the direction of Rotterdam. A boat helper, in green velvet slippers that had been neatly patched with leather, pointed out that the party could have their choice of going below into a tiny, stuffy cabin or remaining above. There were seats along the railing on the first deck, camp-chairs on the second. The young people were not many minutes in choosing the camp-chairs and the best point of observation. What if they would have to move every time anybody wanted to get by them and duck their heads whenever a bridge was passed? It only added to the fun of it all. As for the smoke-stack's behavior as it went under bridges, it was the queerest, most laughable performance Richard and Shirley had ever seen. It allowed itself to be tipped over in a nearly horizontal position, then straightened up without the least bit of trouble, and went on doing its duty as if nothing had happened!

The canal journey as a whole was like an unreal fairy-tale. To be gliding noiselessly along between the greenest of green meadows, under the bluest of blue skies, past tiny villages with rows of make-believe houses on either side, and young-old children washing their klompen in the canal or hanging them on the fence to dry, to steal interesting glimpses



DUTCH PASTURES

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of Dutch kitchens and gardens—was it any wonder that the Lane children used up all the exclamations they knew and looked about for more?

Windmills kept them company most of the way. These were brown, dark-red, weather-beaten, with and without thatch, rounded, many-sided—in short, almost every member of the windmill family was represented.

“What do the windmills really do?” inquired Richard.

“Their work is not always the same,” said Mr. Lane. “Some are used in sawing lumber, others in grinding corn, though, of course, the great majority are employed for drainage purposes. You see, it wasn’t enough for Holland to chase the water from her doors once and for all. The draining process must be kept up day after day, week in and week out, and only the most untiring perseverance and watchfulness make the country safe. The windmills are the public servants that pump the surplus water into the canals which, in turn, carry it into larger streams, and finally into the sea.”

Passing craft delighted Shirley especially.

“What ‘Dutchy’ names the boats have!” she exclaimed. .



And she spelled out "Annetje," "Aartje," "Tryntje," besides countless "Wilhelminas."

"The families all seem to be leading such an ordinary, everyday life," she continued. "They look as settled down as we do in our homes."

It was even so. Family washings were drying on decks quite as if they were in respectable back-yards, and cabin-windows were not unlike parlor windows with their snowy curtains and green plants.

"I have read," said Mrs. Lane, "that some of the children of Dutch skippers spend their entire lives on boats. They prefer the canal to dry land, and one waterway is as much a home to them as any other."

Not all parents, or children, either, were having a holiday of it. Occasionally they could be seen walking along the tow-path pulling barges in their wake. A few fortunate families had a horse to share their labors.

Except at Overschie, the little steam-boat appeared to have no regular stopping places, but slowed down at backyards or any other spot wherever it was hailed. The velvet-slippered man would then squeeze around the Lane family, put out a tiny plank, reach out for boxes and baskets, lend a helping hand to the new passenger, if a woman, and the boat

would move on as before. The hour and a half required for the trip passed all too quickly. Busy streets, horse and electric trams, and the noise of city life warned the Lane party they were nearing Rotterdam.

"The name reminds me of some verses I used to repeat in school," said Mr. Lane. "They were written in Rotterdam by the poet Hood and addressed to a friend in England. They run something like this:

" 'I gaze upon a city,  
A city new and strange,  
Down many a watery vista  
My fancy takes a range;  
From side to side I saunter,  
And wonder where I am;  
And can *you* be in England,  
And *I* in Rotterdam!

Before me lie dark waters  
In broad canals and deep,  
Whereon the silver moonbeams  
Sleep, restless in their sleep;  
A sort of vulgar Venice  
Reminds me where I am, -  
Yes, yes, you are in England,  
And I'm in Rotterdam.

Tall houses with quaint gables,  
Where frequent windows shine,

And quays that lead to bridges,  
And trees in formal line,  
And masts of spicy vessels,  
From western Surinam,  
All tell me you're in England,  
But I'm in Rotterdam.' "

Shirley was plainly disappointed in Holland's great trading city—not so Richard.

"Rotterdam's doing something," he said, "that's why I like it. It's just great to think of her sending vessels to the four corners of the earth. You can't expect a city that is wrapped up in commerce is going to take time to be beautiful, Shirley.

"I suppose not. But I'd rather it would be a little less ugly and not try to make money quite so fast. Why, even this lovely old windmill, here on one of the principal streets, is all covered with advertisements."

"Rotterdam has its beauty spots, little daughter," put in Mr. Lane, "but we shall have to search for them. Suppose, just for to-day, we let Richard get all he wants of the shipping. To-morrow we will visit the things *you* like best."

So after locating a modest little hotel on a side street, which was to be their headquarters for a few days, the Lane family started to ex-

plore the City of Masts. From the start they ran across the word "kade" everywhere, and were curious to know its meaning. At last they learned it was the Dutch term for "quay," and that each kade was given a name to distinguish it from other quays. Thus there were Willemskade, Maaskade, Prins Hendrikkade, and Oosterkade.

"We must, first of all, find our way to Rotterdam's principal quay," said Mr. Lane, "the famous Boompjes. It is different from many of the other quays in that it is tree-planted and thus affords a grateful shade from the hot sun. In fact, its very name means 'little trees.'"

The Boompjes were easily found. And even Shirley's eyes brightened as she looked up the tree-lined waterside avenue. Richard was right. There *was* an inspiration about the wharves and shipping. They showed that the Dutch city was doing a good big share in the world's work. The broad river Maas, finding its way to the North Sea some miles farther down, here made an excellent harbor, and Rotterdam had not been slow to take advantage of it. In addition, the city was honeycombed with havens and canals where sailing fleets lay at anchor. Over all was the ceaseless hum of industry.

Richard began immediately examining the boats that were packed so closely together along the river-front. From the little sailing vessels that plied between near-by ports to the larger steamers loading with supplies for Holland's far-off colonies, all had a story for him. Up the river could be seen Rotterdam's majestic bridge—her principal landmark. The Lanes made out, not far below it, the foot-bridge known as Willems-Bridge. Nothing would do but Richard must cross it as far as North Island and, as the others were not unwilling to view the shipping from a new point, they joined him.

On the way back to the center of the city, they stumbled upon the fish-market. From the loads of sea-food in sight and the fishy smell that pervaded everything, it was easy to guess that the sign "Visch te koop" meant "Fish for sale." The market had two long aisles, on either side of which the products of the Dutch waterways were displayed to advantage. Quantities of sole, lobsters, and speckled fish lay in broad flat baskets. Though poorly clad and of humble station, the fish-wives had some idea of beauty, for several of them, Shirley noticed, had tulips pinned to their bodices.

"Visch! Visch!"

Now and then a wooden-shod woman looked up from her knitting to advertise her stock. Not even the unfinished sock was of greater importance than catching a customer. Cups, saucers, teakettles, and teapots, ready for the noon hour, showed that stands were not deserted even for lunch.

"How can they eat with raw fish all around them?" said Shirley, with a shrug.

"It doesn't really seem an ideal lunch place," her mother admitted.

"But I would like some *cooked* fish," said Richard; "that long canal trip has made me as hungry as a bear."

The others laughed heartily, for Richard always had ready a good excuse for his healthy appetite. The fried sole his father ordered a little later, garnished with a crisp lettuce salad, did indeed look appetizing. A dessert of Dutch strawberries followed.

"Holland surely takes the prize for luscious berries," said Mrs. Lane.

Large, crimson, and juicy, they certainly made a tempting dish in their setting of green leaves. There were sweet Rotterdam cakes to go with them—"maastengels," the waiter explained, was their correct name. Shirley immediately put the word down in her note-book

along with the Dutch word for strawberry—"aardbezie"—and marked each with a big star for future reference.

For the afternoon Mrs. Lane suggested a trolley ride to Delftshaven.

"As good Americans, we ought to be intensely interested in this little old suburb of Rotterdam."

"I know what is there," said Shirley, with a glance at her brother which said, "I don't believe *you* do." The Pilgrim Church! Am I not right, mother?"

She nodded her head in assent.

"There the Pilgrims worshiped just before sailing for America in 1620."

That Delftshaven was very, very old could be readily seen from the appearance of the houses and other buildings that made up the hamlet. Only along the water front, where a few modern factories had planted themselves, was there any sign of progress. Besides the Pilgrim Church, quaint out-of-the-way corners constantly lured the travelers on to fresh discoveries. They wandered through narrow winding lanes and over antique bridges for an hour or more.

"I suppose, then," said Richard, "this is

really the mother of Plymouth. It looks its history, doesn't it?"

"Yes," answered Shirley. "It is nodding, almost asleep. It seems a pity to disturb it."

So, with a last good-bye to the huddled roofs, dingy windmills, and tangled masts, the Lanes left Delftshaven to its quiet repose.



## CHAPTER X

### ROTTERDAM RAMBLES

"Come, mother, father, Richard!"

Shirley called out excitedly from her station at the hotel window overlooking the street. Richard came running.

"What is it—a fire?" he asked.

"No, nothing like that. Only look at all those flags and streamers. What does it mean?"

The shops and dwellings opposite the hotel were, indeed, gayly decked out in flaunting banners—the orange flag of the reigning house and the red, white, and blue horizontal stripes of Holland. The trolley cars at the corner were likewise dressed up, as for a holiday.

"And, see!" added Richard. "Those children on the other side of the street are celebrating something, too. The girls are wearing orange sashes and the boys bands of orange across their shoulders. What is it all about, I wonder? Do you know, father?"

He took it for granted his father would know if anybody did. But Mr. Lane, for once, looked as puzzled as the rest.

"April 30," he repeated. "The date surely means nothing to us Americans. No, I do not know, but it looks very much like a Dutch Fourth of July, does it not?"

"Look!" called out Richard again. "There is another boy with an orange necktie and, yes, the dog that is following him has a big bow of orange ribbon tied to his collar."

"It is clear that the decorations have something to do with the royal family, but just what I am afraid we shall have to apply to the clerk at the desk to find out."

So anxious were all four Lanes to understand the meaning of Rotterdam's gaiety that they descended the hotel stairs in a body. Before they had a chance to put a question, however, they caught sight of a portrait of the little Princess Juliana on the desk, draped in orange. Scores of post-cards in a wire rack on the wall repeated the sweet face over and over.

"I'm going to venture a Yankee guess that it's Juliana's birthday," said Mrs. Lane. "Let's see if I'm right."

The smiling hotel clerk, without waiting to be asked, nodded yes.

"Rotterdam has always been very loyal to the House of Orange," he explained, "and of course we are devoted to the little girl born in 1909 who may some day be our queen."

He pronounced the tiny princess's entire name and title for Richard and Shirley, and they smiled to learn she was burdened with more names than years!

"The little princess looks as if she led as happy and simple a life as any small girl who was not connected with one of the most historic families of Europe. Isn't she a dear?"

Shirley was of the same opinion as her mother, and Richard made no objection to it.

"I think her name couldn't have been better chosen," continued Mrs. Lane, "for it belonged to the saintly mother of the great William the Silent, Juliana of Stolberg, who was an inspiration to all her sons and adored by them. Some day, when she is older, the princess will probably be glad and proud that she was given the same name."

"Have you yet been in our cathedral—the Church of St. Lawrence, as it is sometimes called?" politely inquired the clerk. "No? Ah, then you must, the first thing, for it has a beau-



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**PRINCESS JULIANA**



tiful window that was placed there in honor of Princess Juliana's birth."

Mr. Lane thanked him for giving them the hint, and as soon as breakfast was over, the family hunted up the church. It was only a few minutes' walk distant. They were directed to it by the sturdy tower that loomed up like a huge giant who had started to climb to the skies, then stopped mid-way. The flat-topped, rugged pile had a beauty all its own and, to the Lanes' way of thinking, was fully as impressive as the slender tapering spires seen in other parts of Holland.

"I mean to climb that tower," exclaimed the ambitious Richard. "How about you, Shirley?"

"I don't believe I will. Dark, dusty stairways and light-gray suits don't go very well together."

Richard's climbing had to answer for them all, for both Mr. and Mrs. Lane preferred to study the Juliana window to obtaining an exalted view of Rotterdam.

The window was a fine piece of work—carefully and lovingly executed. By means of a guide-book, Shirley and her parents made out the tiny infant, her royal mother and father, the symbolic figures, the city of Rotterdam,

coats-of-arms, and all. The most striking feature of the whole memorial was an orange sun whose slanting rays enveloped the entire group in a beautiful golden glow. Shirley was loath to leave it.

"I am so glad we happened to find the window on Princess Juliana's birthday," she said, "it seems the only appropriate day to study it."

And to show her interest in the House of Orange, she later bought an orange rosette and wore it the rest of the day.

Richard had, by this time, descended the tower—a very sooty, weary, warm, but happy boy.

"Oh, it was great!" he panted. "I could see the Maas and Delftshaven and North Island and——"

"We're quite willing to take your word for it, son," his father smiled back.

"And I saw a real Dutch sky-scraper," went on Richard, unheeding. "It is the Witte Huis or White House. A man up in the tower told me so."

"How many stories?" Shirley asked.

Could it be that Rotterdam was catching up to New York?

"Ten!" giggled her brother.

Both enjoyed a good laugh together. It

hardly looked as if, in the matter of tall buildings, anyway, the Dutch city could be considered a rival of New York as yet.

"This modest little street," interrupted Mr. Lane, as they all stepped out of the cathedral, "is the Wyde Kerk Straat and holds something of interest for us. See if either of you youngsters can find it for us older people."

The children looked sharply along either side.

"There is a little low house across there," said Richard, "with some Latin over the doorway. Is that it?"

"None other. The inscription says that there was born the great Erasmus."

"Was he any relation to Grotius?" inquired Richard mischievously.

"In tastes and accomplishments, yes. Like Grotius, Erasmus did not distinguish himself along one line solely. He was priest, reformer, scholar, and author. One might say he had a passion for books. Suppose we step across to the Groote Markt and see in what other way Rotterdam has honored her son besides preserving his humble birthplace. By the way, the poet Hood will again serve as guide:

" 'And now across a market  
My doubtful way I trace,



Where stands a solemn statue,  
The Genius of the place;  
And to the great Erasmus  
I offer my salaam;  
Who tells me you're in England,  
But I'm at Rotterdam.'"

The open square had a quiet, secluded air and looked scarcely as if it were just behind Rotterdam's busiest streets.

"Anybody would know Erasmus was a scholar without being told."

The others agreed with Mrs. Lane. The thoughtful figure stood with a beloved volume in his hand, poring over the contents, utterly lost to the sordid city and its distractions.

"He looks, I should say," offered Richard, "very much as if he had turned his back on Rotterdam and wanted nothing to do with her."

"Shall it be the Zoo next?" asked Mr. Lane. "I have been told it is one of the best in Europe."

Neither Richard nor Shirley needed any urging to visit the menagerie. On the way they were amused at the sight of several small goats. They appeared to be common play-mates of the children, and trotted after them like pet dogs. Now and then a boy would pick

up one of the little creatures and carry him along in his arms.

The finding of the Zoo was not so easy a matter as the Lanes had anticipated. Though they knew the general direction in which it lay, no street or avenue opened up to the desired spot. Mrs. Lane finally suggested asking a policeman.

"If anybody can understand English," she said, "he ought."

She looked, as she spoke, at a good-natured, whiskered officer of the law, standing on the edge of the sidewalk close by.

"He's a regular jolly Dutch Santa Claus—that's what he is!" cried Richard. "Oh, do let's ask him. Even if he cannot speak English, I'd like to hear him talk Dutch."

Richard was given the privilege of putting the question to the fatherly person.

Santa Claus saluted.

"Zoo? Zoo?" he repeated, shaking his head slowly.

Apparently the word was a strange one to him. Richard tried again.

"Menagerie, sir?" he said.

"Menagerie? Menagerie?"

The words were accompanied by the same bewildered expression as before. Then, sud-

denly, as if the word had been laid away in some dusty, forgotten corner of his memory and newly discovered, the round face lighted up and Santa Claus uttered a hearty laugh that revealed every tooth he owned. How stupid of him not to have thought of it before, and what a splendid joke it was that he had remembered it in time!

"Me-nag-e-rie! Ja, ja!" he laughed.

Beckoning the family to follow him, he took them several blocks beyond, repeating under his breath meanwhile, "Menagerie! Menagerie!" as if he couldn't quite get over the fun of it all. Not until the Zoo entrance was in plain sight, a few yards away, would he trust the Lanes to continue their walk alone. At last came a final salute and he was gone.

"Good-bye, dear old Santa Claus!" boldly spoke up Shirley. "May long years and happiness be yours!"

Rotterdam's "diergaarde"—for that was the right name of the enclosure—contained much that interested Richard and Shirley. There were the usual jungle animals, including some three-months-old lion cubs. What were more entertaining than these, however, were the storks and herons the Lane children had always associated with Holland. Some were caged,



ROTTERDAM STREET SCENE, SHOWING  
CATHEDRAL



others flying free. One stork family had made very free with the buffalo-house, building a bulky nest on the roof.

"Storks have a good deal of liberty in Holland," said Mr. Lane. "There has always been a popular belief that they carry good luck to those homes they choose for a nesting place. They are said to return to the same spots year after year. Therefore families are very careful not to ill-treat their summer visitors."

"I noticed so many storks on the souvenirs in The Hague," said Shirley, "nearly all had one."

"That is because the capital has so good an opinion of the bird that she has given it an honored place in her coat-of-arms. Standing with one slender leg extended, a fish or other wriggly tid-bit in its bill, it looks as if it were a well-cared-for, petted bird—as indeed it is."

"I should want to come to Holland again," said Richard, "if only to see her birds and animals. They are the best ever."

His sister heartily seconded his opinion.

"And I hope when we do," she added, "we'll get lost again and have to ask Santa Claus to set us right."

## CHAPTER XI

### AN EXCURSION TO GOUDA

Gouda was fun from start to finish. Its very name was an amusing surprise, for who would ever guess that "Gouda" spelled "How-da"?

"Almost like a Yankee farmer cutting short his 'How do you do'?" declared Richard.

He and Shirley tried hard to hit upon an adjective that would best describe Gouda, and ended by agreeing that it was "just Gouda." Though not many miles from bustling Rotterdam, the smaller Dutch town appeared to be neglected by most tourists, and the Lane party found not a single face that looked as if it had ever seen the United States. Few persons were found who could speak English, and thus the travelers, in order to make known their wants, had to fall back on signs and the few Dutch words they had picked up in their wanderings. These seldom had anything to do with what they were trying to say!

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The Lane family first made for the center of Gouda life—its market place. There was the usual paved space with the Stadhuis at one end and the Weigh-house at the other. A horse fair was in progress, much to the children's delight. It reminded them quite a little of Rosa Bonheur's famous painting of a similar lively scene. Groups of farmers, who had probably come in from smaller centers many miles distant, stood in groups talking over the points of this or that horse which was up for sale, while the keepers of near-by inns carried on a brisk business trying to satisfy the enormous appetites of their country visitors. The owner of a horse, seeing a possible customer getting interested in him, would run the animal up and down the market-place and talk of his great value with serious earnestness. The other man, cautiously considering the bargain (if bargain it were!) took plenty of time in coming to terms.

"I understand Thursday is cheese-market day," said Mr. Lane, "so that we haven't timed our visit to Gouda so as to take it in. But, as we will see a more important cheese market later, perhaps it is just as well to enjoy the horse market to-day."

Richard and Shirley were satisfied. As it



was, they saw quantities of the cheeses to which Gouda gave its name, even if it was not the regular day for their sale. They were flat-topped and round-sided, and from their peculiar shape easily distinguished from other kinds made elsewhere.

"You must not be so taken up with the horses, young people," spoke up Mrs. Lane, "that you will forget to look at the Stadhuis and the Weigh-house."

Richard and Shirley glanced up at the former.

"Why, it has two regular flights of turret stairs coming together at the topmost one on the roof," exclaimed Shirley.

"And a double flight of steps at the entrance," noticed Richard.

More than a passing glance was given the Weigh-house. Under its gable was the arms of Holland.

"I don't want to drag you youngsters through all the groote, nieuwe, and oude kerks of the entire country," announced Mr. Lane, "but we really cannot think of leaving Gouda without seeing her famous stained glass. No finer can be studied in all Holland, I am quite sure."

So toward the Groote or St. John's Church

the four turned their faces. The poor cathedral! It lacked even elbow room, so hard pushed was it by little, low, mean dwellings.

"What a shame," said Mrs. Lane, "not to be able to get a good view of a single Dutch church."

"Oh, but look up in the tower. You can see the bells."

The others followed where Shirley pointed and made out two rows of immense bells and clappers. Just then a tinkling little tune was heard, and this was followed by the striking of the hour in deep, mellow tones.

"Well, at any rate," confessed Mrs. Lane, "we cannot find fault with Holland's chimes."

But the stained glass! The children forgot all about steeples and bells when they once began reading the marvelous stories in color. The glorious windows had been telling and retelling the Old and New Testament tales for over three hundred and fifty years. It took Richard to discover the famous Haarlem window where, in glassy ships on a glassy sea, a wonderful battle was going on.

"The church was rebuilt after a fire in the 16th century," said Mr. Lane, "and it then became the fashion for towns and persons of note to contribute windows to the cathedral. Both

Philip of Spain and William of Orange are represented."

"Christ Driving the Money-Changers out of the Temple" was pointed out as the Prince of Orange's gift, and Richard and Shirley lingered long over its gorgeous purples, blues, and crimsons. Anything connected with the hero that had won a firm place in their affections interested them. Somehow, they couldn't seem to get up any enthusiasm for Philip's window in spite of its beauty and the fact that it contained a portrait of the Spanish king.

"I dare say," remarked Richard, "the Dutch would have thanked him more if he had given them a little liberty and happiness and left out the costly stained glass."

Even the interesting windows did not prevent Richard's knowing when the noon hour arrived. His father said they would all lunch at whatever eating-place he might select. Gouda didn't allow much of a choice, but finally the family found themselves in a tiny restaurant that boasted a linoleum-covered floor and four or five tiny tables. On the wall hung a gaudy print of Queen Wilhelmina.

"Do you speak English?" asked Mrs. Lane of the proprietress, who came from a back room.

## AN EXCURSION TO GOUDA 113

A negative shake of the head was the only answer. By means of the sign language, however, she was made to understand that food and drink were wanted. Then she pointed solemnly to an enormous bill of fare in the window.

Would she bring it to them, please?

Again the negative shake and a forefinger pointed in the direction of the open doorway.

"She means we must go out in the street and select our lunch," said Shirley.

Her guess was correct. The sign was placed so as to be read from the street, and from the street it must be read or not at all. So the four Lanes, thoroughly enjoying the fun, trooped out to read the precious card. In spite of its unusual size, the number of advertised dishes were few, and about the only name anybody could make out was "broodje met ham." It was an old friend—the nearest approach to a ham sandwich they had run across in Holland. Four were ordered, together with four glasses of cold chocolate. After the sandwiches were eaten, the procession filed out again into the high-road to select something more. They decided upon Gouda cheese rather than run the risk of ordering something whose meaning they did not know.

While out of doors, Richard and Shirley noticed a sight that to them seemed peculiar, but which attracted not the least attention from the townspeople. Two merchants had spread out a roll of linoleum in the very middle of the street and proceeded to deliberately measure yards upon yards of the gayly colored floor covering. Passers-by calmly turned aside, bicycles obligingly rode around the tradesmen—everybody, in fact, gave them the right of way.

“I never saw so much linoleum in my life as I have seen in this little country,” announced Shirley. “I shall never see any at home again without thinking of Holland.”

The modest meal over, the Lane family enjoyed a stroll about town watching street sights and studying shop windows.

“Look at those funny twisted pipes,” suddenly exclaimed Richard.

His discovery interested them all, for the pipes in the window were unlike anything in the smoking line yet seen. Between the mouth-piece and bowl were two circular twists which, if straightened out, would have lengthened the pipe-stem twelve inches or more.

“By the time the smoke has traveled all that



**GOUDA PIPE**



distance," said Richard, "I shouldn't think there would be much left of it."

"Perhaps Uncle John wouldn't mind having one for his collection," said Mr. Lane.

"The very thing! I don't believe we could find another souvenir that would please him half so well."

"But care will have to be taken, son, in packing that fragile bit of earthenware for its long journey over seas. Otherwise, I fear the fragments would be as hard to put together again as Humpty Dumpty."

Richard was willing to take chances, so the family entered the shop and asked for "Goudsche pijpen" quite as if they had spoken the language of the country all their lives.

"How did Gouda ever come to manufacture so many pipes?" asked Shirley curiously.

"Because," said her father, "she had the material for them landed at her very doors. She would have been slow indeed had she not taken advantage of the muddy bed of the River Ijssel to transform it into something of commercial importance. The earth is baked into countless bricks as well as pipes."

"You think Gouda amusing in many ways, Shirley," said Mrs. Lane, "but I think you will say that not the least funny thing about her is



the name she gives the cakes of which she makes a specialty."

Almost as she spoke, Shirley's quick eyes caught sight of a sign reading "Goudsche Sprits."

"Spirits! I should say so," she laughed. "How in the world did they ever get so odd a name?"

"I understand it really means 'spout cakes,' as, in the making, they are forced through a spout."

Of course the family wanted to test this latest variety of cake, if for nothing more than to compare it with that of the other Dutch cities. They entered the trimmest of trim stores, spick and span with the ever-present linoleum, bright pink woodwork, green tin boxes for holding sweetmeats, and a pair of shining brass scales that looked as if they had used up considerable energy of the pretty Dutch maid who appeared to wait on them. She put the "sprints" in a colored box with a pictured cover giving the story of Gouda in a nutshell. There was a large red and white twisted pipe enclosing in its coils a picture of the Stadhuis, while on either side and below were pottery, twine, sprits, Gouda cheeses, candles, and jars of butter.

## AN EXCURSION TO GOUDA 117

"I mean to keep this box when I am through with it," said Shirley. "It is interesting enough to take back to New York to show the girls."

Gouda was found to be intersected by numerous canals and bridges. While walking along one of the waterways, the Lanes saw a coal-laden boat passing through a lock. The barge was slowly raised from the lower level of one canal to the higher level of the other. The operation was also watched by a group of school-children and grown-ups who stood without a sign of impatience or hurry waiting until the bridge they wished to cross should be put into service again.

"I don't want to leave Gouda," said Mr. Lane on the way to the station, "without mentioning a well-known story you young people must read some day when you are a little older. It is called 'The Cloister and the Hearth' and tells how the father and mother of Erasmus worked among the poor and needy of Gouda. I think it will make the great scholar seem a little more real to you than either his Rotterdam birthplace or statue."

## CHAPTER XII

### A DUTCH VENICE

"Well, we've been in some watery places in Holland, but I think this is the very wateriest of them all."

Shirley puckered up her forehead as she bent over a plan of Amsterdam.

"I have found the River Ij that flows past her front door and hide-and-seek pieces of the Amstel that come in at her back, but all those canals— Why, it looks as if Richard and I would have hard work keeping on dry land."

"You can see now, little daughter, why the city on the Amstel is sometimes called the Venice of the North," remarked Mr. Lane.

"It is nothing but bridges and islands!"

"There are something like ninety islands and three hundred bridges."

Richard took a look at the cut-up city map.

"It looks to me," he said, "like a pile of wheels that were either never finished or broken after they were completed. Don't those



CANAL SCENE—AMSTERDAM



rounded canals look like rims and the cross streets spokes?"

The others laughed.

"I suppose, then," said his sister, "you'll be talking about certain places being so many rims east or so many spokes west."

"I think, if before taking our walk," suggested Mr. Lane, "we get a few central places firmly fixed in mind, the others will come easily. To begin with, the city's busiest center is called the Dam, a name that has probably come down to us from the earliest dam built here when Amsterdam was in its infancy. Do you find it?"

Richard and Shirley had no trouble locating it, together with the Royal Palace, Post Office, and Nieuwe Kerk that were grouped near together.

"Now find a narrow street that starts southward from the Dam but ends by curving around toward the east. It is far more important than it looks, for here are Amsterdam's principal stores and shops."

"You mean Kalverstraat, don't you, father?"

"The very same. Busy though it is all day, it is even livelier by electric light. From the crowds that throng its tunnel-like length every evening it would seem as if Amsterdam never

finished its shopping. Just a bit more geography and we are through. Some names tell whole stories in themselves, and so it is with the three best-known thoroughfares of the city—Heerengracht, Keizersgracht and Prinsengracht.”

The children looked mystified.

“Amsterdam’s wealth,” their father went on to explain, “was built up by merchant princes. Here they made their fortunes and here they lived in stately grandeur. The interiors of their dignified homes, many of which are still standing, were rich with costly hangings, rugs, silver and porcelain. Even their streets were given such high-sounding titles as lords, emperors, and princes; thus, Heerengracht, Keizersgracht, and Prinsengracht. Yes, in spite of its money-making reputation, Amsterdam has a romance and picturesqueness all its own.”

“Oh, let’s start,” cried Richard, all eagerness. “I feel just like making discoveries.”

So the family chose the nearest “spoke” to their boarding place and followed it until they reached crowded Kalverstraat. At every turn were novel sights. Amsterdam was, truly, as Shirley had said, the “wateriest” place the Lanes had yet seen in Holland. Water, barges, bridges everywhere! Besides these

were rows upon rows of tall, toppling houses that looked as if they might, at the slightest push, tumble over backward into the canal.

"All these dwellings," said Mr. Lane, "are built on heavy piles that were first driven down firmly into the solid earth far below the shifting, loose sand above. Because of this fact, a noted traveler once remarked that he had found a city whose inhabitants lived on the tops of trees, like rooks."

"Oh, see the cranes in the attic stories," pointed out Richard.

"Yes, the household supplies are hoisted up by this means."

"I should think," observed Mrs. Lane, "the storehouses would *have* to be as high and dry as possible in this damp country. I wouldn't want to trust anything that could spoil to an Amsterdam basement, if, indeed, there is such a part of the house."

When the canal called the Singel was reached, it was hard to get Shirley to stir an inch further. At this point, both street and waterway were a veritable garden. From points outside the city, numerous boats had brought their beautiful burdens to the flower market and the brilliant blossoms were laid out for sale in the most tempting fashion. There



were magnificent velvety pansies, blue, white, and pink forget-me-nots, great orange and yellow clusters whose name Shirley did not know, and many more besides. The flowers were all much larger than similar varieties seen in America.

"Well, I suppose I must tear myself away from you all," sighed Shirley at last.

In Kalverstraat the Lanes had to walk in the middle of the street to make any headway at all. At its end they came upon the Dam.

"Most of the street trams begin and end here," said Mr. Lane, "carrying out the same merry-go-round idea we have noticed in other parts of Amsterdam."

The Royal Palace was enormous but gloomy.

"I don't wonder," said Shirley, "Queen Wilhelmina stays here only a week or so every year. I shouldn't want to remain any longer if I were in her place."

"Probably you would change your mind if you saw all the wonderful decorations and furnishings within."

"But the place is so public, mother! It would be impossible to go out or come in without being seen. It does not look like a palace at all."

"And good reason why," spoke up her father, "for it was originally built for a town hall. The structure is said to be propped up on something like thirteen thousand piles."

But Shirley didn't hear all of her father's story. Just then she was giving her entire attention to two pretty little girls who were passing by. The costumes they wore were fantastic, made all the more noticeable by contrast with their attractive faces. The dresses were divided up and down—half of them black, the other half red!

"Is *that* the newest fashion in Amsterdam?" gasped Shirley. "If so, I don't think I want to copy it."

"Not the newest, by any means," said Mr. Lane, "and a fashion that exists only among the charity children of the city. It isn't a great improvement over the blue and white-checked gingham of our orphanages at home, is it?"

"Why are black and red chosen?"

"Because they are the city colors and therefore seem most appropriate for city orphans."

"But the girls looked sweet in spite of their odd dress," concluded Shirley. "And nobody stared at them rudely or made them feel conspicuous."

Neither Richard nor Shirley ever tired of hunting for new druggist signs while walking through the streets of Amsterdam. Whenever a startling or peculiar head was seen above a doorway, looking as if in misery or pain, one could feel sure that drugs were sold in the shop beneath. Usually the mouth was wide open and the tongue thrust out at full length as if waiting for the doctor to say what was the matter and to advise a remedy.

"More distressing signs I never saw," laughed Mrs. Lane. "Some of them, for advertising purposes, ought to show the effects of the medicine *after* taking as well as the poor patient's condition *before* the dose."

"Now that we have gained a fair impression of the center of the city, suppose we visit one of Amsterdam's diamond factories."

Mr. Lane's proposal was seconded by all.

"To find the factory I have in mind," he went on, "we shall go into the city's Jewish quarter, or Ghetto, as it is called. The cutting and polishing are mostly in the hands of this race, and have been from the beginning. Portuguese Jews first introduced it into Amsterdam."

"How did they happen to settle here?" somebody asked.



DRUGGIST SHOP—AMSTERDAM



"Because other European countries persecuted them. Holland was liberal and tolerant and gained in the way of trade and prosperity what the others lost by their narrowness and severity."

On the way to the Ghetto, Mr. Lane entertained the children with a little story of early Amsterdam.

"This city has its stirring history, no less than Haarlem and Leiden," he began. "Among the most interesting events in its career is the battle on skates that occurred during the long struggle with Spain. It was like this:

"The enemy once attempted to attack some ice-bound vessels in the neighborhood of Amsterdam. It looked an easy enough thing to do when, lo, an army of skaters advanced toward the Spaniards and literally swept them off their feet. Taken off their guard, they were easily put to rout. The Spanish leader, the Duke of Alva, then made up his mind that his men would never again be conquered by such unheard-of foot-gear. So what did he do but immediately order seven thousand pairs of skates for his own men. Poor Spaniards! I imagine they received many a hard bump before mastering the new-fangled foot attach-

ments, and I doubt if they ever glided over the frozen sea quite so easily and gracefully as did the Dutch."

The Lane family were nearing the diamond factory. As they entered the dark, commonplace building, it was hard to imagine they were really within one of the most famous diamond works of Europe. Here not only were immense fortunes in gems passed from grimy hand to grimy hand, but the factory had played its part in the story of one of the great historic diamonds of the world!

The first bench at which the visitors paused was that of a worker whose duty was to remove all impurities from the stones. The tools he used were a diamond and a steel cleaver—the first to begin the splitting, the latter to complete it.

"Now you can see," said Mr. Lane, "just what the term 'Diamond cut diamond' means."

The obliging worker explained that when his part of the work was through, each diamond had, roughly speaking, eight sides.

"This dust," said he, displaying the contents of a small box, "is carefully hoarded, for it is used in the polishing."

Though there were not more than four

tablespoonfuls, they represented the accumulation of two and a half years.

A second worker gave the gems their general shape. By the time he was through with them, they had really begun to look like diamonds.

Then came the next step in the process—the most fascinating of all. Rows of rapidly revolving wheels, with a man at each wheel, alertly intent on the business in hand, attended to the polishing of the gems with diamond dust. Each stone was soldered into a support in such a manner that three sides could be cut before its position was changed. The operation was then repeated until the polishing was completed.

“How many sides have the diamonds when done?” asked Richard.

“Fifty-eight, if they are perfect stones,” replied the guide.

“The workers go about it, son,” added Mr. Lane, “quite as if it were the most ordinary work in the world, do they not? Ah, but the training in accuracy, steadiness, and judgment they have acquired is marvelous. This diamond polishing is a wonderful art and only experts have a hand in it.”

Models of the famous diamonds of the world



were seen in a show-case, and most of them, the children were told, had romantic stories connected with them.

"The great Koh-i-noor was cut by our firm," explained the guide proudly.

Richard and Shirley wanted its story then and there, but upon their father's promising to tell it to them that evening, they decided to wait. True to his word, he later told them something of the Koh-i-noor's history.

"We have to go back to India for the first mention of the famous diamond," he said. "Jealously guarded and hidden from time to time in most unexpected places, it was believed to carry with it success and power, though nothing but ill-luck and misfortune seemed to accompany it. Once a conquered Mogul Emperor hid it in the folds of his turban that the usurper might not find it. The other, upon learning of its hiding-place, fell back upon the clever trick of exchanging head-dresses, which in the Orient signified friendship and reconciliation. Rejoiced to find that the great stone was at last actually in his possession, the new owner exclaimed rapturously, 'Koh-i-noor!' meaning 'Mountain of Light!'

"Later, it was concealed in a wall until a bit of crumbling plaster revealed its sharp edge.

Thus it figured in one exciting adventure after another until 1849. In that year, England took an active part in the affairs of India and the gem was given over to Queen Victoria. Because of flaws in the stone, she ordered it recut, and the work was entrusted to the firm whose factory we have been visiting. The original is now at Windsor Castle. With its ownership by the royal family, its fatal spell seemed broken."

"I wouldn't have believed," said Shirley, when her father had finished, "that steady-going, commercial Amsterdam could have the least connection with anything so like a fairy tale. There is something romantic about the city, after all, as you said this morning."

## CHAPTER XIII

### A DAY WITH THE ARTISTS

"Before exploring the treasures of Amsterdam's world-famous art gallery, the Rijks Museum," said Mr. Lane one morning, "I want to take you all to the Rembrandt House. After you have seen where the great master lived and painted, knew his deepest happiness and most wonderful success, you will be better prepared to study his pictures in the Museum."

The others were all anxious to make the excursion.

The house they sought was in the heart of the Ghetto, where they had been the day before. Its tall, stately, many-windowed, many-shuttered front told them at a glance it could be no other than Number 4 Jodenbreestraat. The entire dwelling had an air of smartness about it that gave away the secret that it had recently been restored to look as nearly as possible as it had in the 17th century.

"But the neighborhood!" exclaimed Shirley,

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in surprise. "I cannot imagine how it could ever have been the center of wealth and fashion."

There was, indeed, nothing about the squalid, narrow, dark streets to remind one of the days when the carriages of the aristocracy used to draw up before the painter's door that their owners might have their portraits done. In those years, the name Rembrandt was a magic one, and those dwellers in Amsterdam who couldn't show one or more likenesses of themselves that the wizard's brush had created were really quite out of fashion.

In the interior of the house, the lofty paneled rooms with their original oak rafters, broad staircases, and substantial furniture all spoke of former grandeur and ease.

"But, after all," said Mrs. Lane, "it is as Saskia's home that the place is interesting to me."

"Tell us about her," begged Richard and Shirley.

"Among the many sitters who came to the great artist to be painted," answered their mother, "was one sweet, merry girl named Saskia van Uylenborch. She took Rembrandt's fancy and, after a happy courtship, became his bride. Their life together was ideal.

He never tired of painting her in all her moods. I think you will find her round face peeping out of some of these fine Rembrandt etchings on the wall. Think how proud she must have been when her distinguished husband had accumulated enough money to buy and furnish this house. We couldn't have blamed her had she held her saucy little head a trifle higher, as much as to say, 'See, the world has at last found out that my husband is a genius. *I always* knew it!'

"It is a pity," added Mr. Lane, "we cannot think of Rembrandt as always enjoying the fame, prosperity, and love that made his days in Jodenbreestraat a happy dream."

"And why not?" asked the children.

"He simply went out of fashion. The world turned its back on him and let him die in poverty and neglect. His beloved Saskia passed away, he became bankrupt, and had to leave this once happy home for a poorer dwelling in a more obscure quarter of the city."

"In spite of it all," said Mrs. Lane, on leaving, "it is the bright years I always remember. I can still picture little Saskia flitting about these big rooms, arranging furniture, filling vases with bright flowers, mounting the stairs to carry her husband's lunch to the studio in

## A DAY WITH THE ARTISTS 183

the top story, or teasing him to lay down his brush for a half-hour to chat with her."

When the Lane party entered the Rijks Museum a little later, Richard and Shirley were at once struck by the immense number of pictures representing groups of Dutchmen. Arrayed in gay uniforms, broad collars, and elaborate sashes, they looked, as Richard said, as if very fond of dressing up to have their pictures taken.

"These paintings," explained Mr. Lane, "are known as 'corporation pieces.' It was quite the thing at one time for guilds or associations of different kinds to be represented on canvas and to hang the pictures in their assembly halls. Thus it is that the Dutch galleries are full of companies of archers, guards, surgeons, and merchants. Now a common artist, with many faces to crowd into a single work, might easily get careless and produce only a row of stupid, uninteresting persons. Not so our Rembrandt."

"I should say not!" said Richard.

They were all looking at the time at the wonderful group known as the Syndics of the Cloth Guild. Each earnest face had been given a distinct character that distinguished him from the others.

"These wool merchants," remarked Mr. Lane, "little guessed when they sat for this picture that in the years to come thousands of people from every country in the world would look into their eyes."

"Suppose each of us selects a favorite picture," suggested Shirley, "and then when we get through with the Museum, compare notes."

"I know this will be mine without looking any further," announced Richard.

They had just entered the room of a single canvas—the great Night Watch of Rembrandt's. So impressive was the picture that a hush had settled upon the visitors who, seated upon the benches against the walls, were studying the details of the famous canvas.

"It is plain that the military company are just going out to attend to their duty of guarding the city," said Mr. Lane. "Note how everybody is alert and ready for action, from the striking captain and his lieutenant in the foreground to the dimmer figures in the dark background. The picture has the true Rembrandtesque high lights and lurking shadows."

"And see, father," spoke up Shirley, "you can make out the shadow of the captain's hand

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as it is thrown against the lieutenant's uniform."

Richard was loath to leave the Night Watch.

"Those men must have felt pretty proud when the great artist was through with them," he said.

"Not so. That's the queer part of it. Many of them thought he had not made them conspicuous enough, and only at a later day, when people woke up to what true art meant, was the painting recognized as the great work it was."

Of the Rembrandt portraits, none pleased the Lane family more than that of Elizabeth Bas—the old lady of the lifelike wrinkles, folded hands, close-fitting cap, and stiff ruff. That Rembrandt had character—and plenty of it—to portray when the sea captain's wife had her picture done was clearly evident.

"Doesn't she look as if she would step right out of her frame if you didn't 'watch out'?" whispered Richard. "I wouldn't dare do anything wrong if she was in the room with me."

Shirley's choice of the painting that she liked best in the Rijks was that of two sweet royal children painted by Van Dyck—little William II of Orange and Mary Stuart, whom he married.



"Aren't they the primmest, quaintest little bodies you ever saw?" cried Shirley. "In their stiff court costumes, jewels, and lace, they look as if they were just playing at being grown-up royalty. Notice how shyly the young Prince of Orange lightly touches the fingers of his little lady love."

"Well, mother, and what picture have you picked out?" inquired Mr. Lane.

"I will take you to it."

She led the way to a long corridor, on either side of which was a series of alcoves peopled by wonderful creations. In one of the first of these compartments she paused and pointed to Nicolas Maes' "Grace before Meat."

"Can't you just *feel* that the dear old lady is praying? No make-believe petition is hers, but a real thank-offering for her humble fare."

The rounded loaf, Dutch cheese, slice of salmon, brown pot and tankard and other simple table furnishings were all produced with lifelike realism. Unheeded, the cat of the household was tugging at a corner of the cloth, impatient to investigate at closer quarters the odors wafted her way. Still the old lady prayed on.

The Lanes turned softly away. They found their way to the gallery where Mr. Lane's



WILLIAM II, OF ORANGE, AND MARY STUART—  
VAN RIJKS MUSEUM



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choice smiled his eternal smile—Frans Hals' Fool with a Lute.

"Wouldn't a mere look at him drive away the blues?" said Mr. Lane. "How could one stay grouchy in the presence of that mirthful rascal?"

The roguish twinkle of the lute-player's eyes, his shock of coarse hair, the grotesque dress and cap, his fingering of the strings, all revealed a work of art.

"Frans Hals must have been closely related to our friend, Jan Steen, whom we visited in The Hague. He seems to have ever been on the broad smile. With a few broad dashes of color, he was able to transform dull, colorless canvas into merry people that are as wide-awake to-day as they were over two hundred years ago. Good day, Master Musician. May you continue to add your mite to the brightness of the world for many years to come."

There were the wax people in the basement of the Museum still to be visited. To slight them was out of the question, and the Lanes would have been sorry indeed had they passed them by. Here in long rows of glass cases were wax men, women, and children from every province in Holland appropriately clad

in the costumes and jewels of their native places. Shirley was delighted.

"It looks," she said, "just as if they had dressed up in their Sunday best and come to the great city of Amsterdam to see the sights and then decided not to go back home again."

"Look at the men's earrings," called out Richard, "and the funny caps, the belt and neck buttons and——"

"Yes, and the tiny baby models," laughed Shirley. "Don't they look at least a hundred years old?"

With a promise to renew the acquaintance another day, Richard and Shirley took leave of the wax people. They then made a brief visit to another Amsterdam gallery, the Municipal Museum. Their object in rounding up the day in this way was to get better acquainted with Josef Israels, some of whose best work was in the collection.

"Like Mesdag," said Mr. Lane, "he loved the sea, and was especially interested in toilers by the sea. Their sad, pathetic lives, their poverty, work, and simple pleasures all took a firm hold of him."

The Lane family found that each of the Israels canvases had a story to tell. There was one, for example, entitled "After the Storm,"

## A DAY WITH THE ARTISTS 139

where a little family group are waiting, yet dreading, to learn what has become of the bread-winner of the house. Through an open door, a glimpse of the treacherous sea can be had

Again, a stern-faced, stalwart fisherman appeared before Richard and Shirley. He had one small child clasped by the hand, a second tenderly carried in his strong arms.

But it was "Children of the Sea" that the Lane children liked best, showing a Dutch lad sailing his toy boat in a pool just beyond the tide. A little Dutch maid looked on, all interested in the marvelous voyages the young captain was planning for his vessel.

"It's probably going to far-off Java," said Richard, "to bring home coffee, spices, and cocoanuts."

Mr. Lane looked at his watch.

"Well, judging by the time," he said, "we'll have to leave it to its eventful voyage. Let us hope it will have favoring winds and a safe return."

"I hope the little girl's ship, too, will come in some day," said Shirley.

## CHAPTER XIV

### IN THE CHEESE COUNTRY

"Who is in favor of going into the Cheese Country to-morrow?"

Mr. Lane's question was greeted by a deafening chorus of "I's"

"Then Alkmaar it will be. To-morrow is Friday, therefore market day. We must get an early start from Amsterdam, for if all reports are true, it won't do to miss any part of the day's proceedings."

"How far is it?" asked Mrs. Lane.

"About an hour's ride by rail. From the Alkmaar station, a horse-tram will take us directly to the market-place."

Much to the delight of Richard and Shirley, Friday dawned clear and sunny. Long before breakfast, Richard had put a new film in his camera in readiness for the dozen pictures he meant to take before the day was over. It wasn't every week that so exciting a happening as a cheese market came his way!

It seemed a long hour before the train slowed down at Alkmaar. And did ever a horse-car jog along at a pokier rate than the one that carried the Lanes to the market-place?

"They're Dutch horses, that's the reason," said Richard, with a laugh.

To make the ride seem shorter, Shirley began studying a card that the conductor had just presented her with a deep bow. It was in English and appeared to be an advertisement of Alkmaar souvenirs, such as spoons, buckles, earrings, and other novelties.

"But what's this, mother?"

Mrs. Lane glanced at the card.

"Hat-nails?" she said, as bewildered as Shirley herself.

Then the meaning of the odd term suddenly came to them. They had a good laugh together. The Dutch person who had tried to advertise Alkmaar's wares in terms that American and English visitors could understand had merely made a slight blunder. In the place of hat-pins he had hit upon the word "hat-nails"!

Shirley thought it a good joke.

"But it isn't so bad a mistake, is it, mother?" she said. "I'm pretty sure if I should try to



translate Dutch into English, I should do far worse."

Words could never describe the Lane children's sensations as they caught their first glimpse of North Holland's great cheese market scene. It was like a kaleidoscope—all movement and color. Just as they tried to study one little fragment of the picture, another piece crossed their line of vision, and before they had a chance to really see that, still a third bit distracted their attention. In his excitement, Richard was giving two or more pictures the same exposure.

At first sight, the large square market-place seemed given over to hundreds of immense oranges and pumpkins. On nearer view, the Lanes saw they were solid cheeses of the variety known as Edam at home. There were regular squares and oblongs of them, placed two-deep, with little passageways between the piles to accommodate buyers and sellers.

"Had we been here last evening or very, very early this morning," said Mr. Lane, "we would have seen many farmers and farm wagons coming into town over the country roads with the products of their dairies. Many factory cheeses have also arrived by boat. Some of the piles were doubtless arranged over night

## IN THE CHEESE COUNTRY 143

and protected from dampness by heavy canvas sheets."

"Why do some of the cheeses shine so?" said Shirley curiously.

"It is because they have been carefully greased."

"And all these represent only North Holland! I should think, from the number, that every corner of the world had sent in a contribution. Surely the cheese market doesn't have to be held very often."

"Every Friday the performance is repeated. Now you can understand why Holland takes such excellent care of her cows."

As it was after ten o'clock, the selling was in full progress. Dairymen and customers walked back and forth through the narrow lanes, seeing and thinking nothing but cheese. That no hasty bargains were concluded was easily guessed. Buyers looked doubtfully at the yellow wares spread at their feet and smelt, tapped, tasted and pinched the golden balls with deliberation. The testing was the most interesting part of it all. As the scoop drew a clean-cut piece out of the heart of the cheese, its texture was carefully examined and sometimes a bit crumbled between the fingers.

"What does that slapping mean?" asked Richard.

One serious looking man had held out his hand, received a resounding slap upon the palm, and then returned the compliment, slapping back with equal vigor! All over the market-place the noise was repeated.

"I don't wonder your faces have question-marks written all over them," said Mr. Lane. "You are not used to Dutch bargaining. The slapping is simply a way of showing that a satisfactory price has been agreed upon by both buyer and seller and that the deal is completed."

Now and then an earnest-faced Dutch woman, arrayed in generous apron, showed by her expression that the sale of some particular pile of cheeses meant much to her. Among the onlookers were groups of stolid-looking, whiskered old Dutchmen who had probably been coming to the square all their lives on market days. A cloud of smoke enveloped them, for each held a pipe or cigar in his mouth.

"And see the children smoking," cried out Richard, in astonishment.

It was even so. Young boys who, in America, would have received a severe punishment for touching tobacco, were calmly smoking side

## IN THE CHEESE COUNTRY 145

by side with their fathers and grandfathers. And the queerest part of it was that nobody paid the slightest heed to them or acted in any way as if their conduct was extraordinary.

Alkmaar's weigh-house was worthy of study. Its tower had a bulb-shaped top, like so many others in Holland—said to be a fashion brought from the Orient in Crusade days. As for its tapering front, covered with mottoes, coats-of-arms, figures, and turrets, it was almost like a page from a story-book. At any other time, the Lane children would have been curious about its life history, but to-day they wanted nothing but cheese.

The weighing of the orange globes was fascinating. They were piled in pyramids on barrows, provided with four handles for carrying, and taken to the immense, accurately adjusted scales just inside the weigh-house doors. The heavy burdens were supported by leather straps and ropes thrown over the shoulders of the carriers.

"How old and bent the men are!" observed Mrs. Lane. "I suppose their occupation has something to do with it."

In spite of their years, however, the active workers seemed never to pause for a moment's rest. As they shuffled back and forth with a

steady jog-trot, one had to take care not to collide with them. But their costumes!

"It is as if they were made up for a play," laughed Shirley, "and were going through a dress rehearsal."

The white suits were not very peculiar, it is true, but who ever saw laborers wearing such funny varnished straw hats or going about in leather or velvet slippers strapped to their feet? The hats were bright blue, red, orange, yellow, and green, and a little streamer of the same color hung down in back. The green men belonged to the barrows with green handles, the blue to the blue-handled barrows, and so on.

"Now let's look at the loading," said Richard, starting toward the canal that ran along one side of the market-place.

He stopped mid-way.

"Either something has just happened or is going to happen," he said. "Look at those people standing over on the bridge. What can it be?"

"I am not going to tell you," replied his father. "It will be more interesting if you and Shirley see for yourselves. Find a place with the others and then look up at the weigh-house front just below the clock."

The Lane children needed no urging. At that moment sweet chimes filled the air with a soft melody—a sign that eleven o'clock was at hand. As the tune died away, a queer little painted figure of a herald which Richard and Shirley had just discovered raised a toy trumpet to his mouth and pretended to blow a blast for every stroke of the clock. It was all so funny and childish that the children laughed aloud with glee. Still the important little trumpeter continued to warn the world that time was flying.

"I know," said Richard, "what he is saying—'Make cheese-money while the sun shines.'"

"But that isn't all, Richard," exclaimed his sister eagerly. "Look below."

More toy figures and more play-acting! Two knights on horseback, appearing suddenly, rode furiously toward each other and continued their mimic battle for several seconds. There appeared to be no blood shed, no serious harm done. They finally retired to their hiding places, there to keep their passions in check until the noon hour should give them a chance to renew the combat.

The Lanes went back to watch the loading of the cheeses. The barges, crowded close together, were receiving their golden cargo as

fast as the barrow-carriers and boat-hands could handle it. Little runways or chutes descended into the hold of each boat, and down these the balls were rolled rapidly. Men on hands and knees were packing the cheeses in close layers and separating them by boards.

"Where are all the cheeses going?" was the first of Richard's many questions.

"To warehouses, where they will remain on shelves or racks to be cured or ripened," said Mr. Lane. "In their present state they are too soft to be sold at retail. That is why they require such careful handling."

"Who knows but that we may some day eat one of these very cheeses at our own table?" said Shirley.

"It is possible. Holland carries on a big cheese trade with America. Only by the time your cheese gets to us, Shirley, if it ever does, it will probably have received a red coating."

"I wish we could buy one of the cheeses right here and now," said Richard wistfully, "and pack it in our trunk."

"As that doesn't seem practical, son," replied Mr. Lane, "we can do the next best thing—have a cheese lunch on the spot."

Mr. Lane's suggestion was most welcome. A handy little lunch-room was found where,



**CHEESE BARROWS AND CARRIERS—ALKMAAR**



**ZUYDER ZEE DYKE—HOORN**





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from an upper room, the family could still keep track of proceedings in the square. By noon the piles were beginning to melt away and the travelers thought it best to consider plans for returning to Amsterdam.

To travel leisurely by boat seemed by far the most attractive means of getting back to the city. Nor were the Lanes afterward sorry that they chose this route. The sail down the River Zaan took them into the very center of the windmill region. Great flappy red and white arms were seen all the way. While the mills looked picturesque, it was plain that their principal object in the world was not to look interesting. Immense piles of sawed lumber showed that they had a hand in the chief industry of the district.

"If you say so, we will stop over a boat at Zaandam and see a strip of ground that belongs to the Czar of Russia," suggested Mr. Lane.

Richard and Shirley thought they could not have heard aright.

"How does he happen to own any part of Holland?" they inquired. "Did the two countries go to war?"

"It was not by force that Nicholas acquired the bit of land we are going to see," explained

Mr. Lane, "but by purchase. On it is a hut where once Peter the Great resided. In 1697, the great ruler set out on his travels through western Europe to pick up ideas. For Peter, you must know, was one of those ambitious persons who must know the why's and wherefore's of everything for themselves. Finally he came to Zaandam."

"What could possibly have brought him here?" was Shirley's question.

"At that time the Dutch town took the lead in ship-building," was Mr. Lane's reply. "With dreams of a powerful Russian navy in mind, Peter determined he would learn how boats were put together. So, disguising himself as a ship-builder's apprentice, he went to work in common clothes like any other humble laborer."

"What did he call himself?" Shirley asked.

"Peter Michaeloff."

"I suppose his companions shortened it to Pete."

"Very likely. But the Czar's ship-building lasted but a short time—only a week, according to the stories. He tired of having people stare at him, for there was a something in his manner or speech that told them he was more than a poor working-lad."

To find the historic hut after reaching Zaan-dam, the Lanes had to pass through a narrow opening between two houses, descend some steep steps to an alley, then across a canal bridge and along a queer little street that looked as if it might lead to—nowhere! The house itself was tucked away, completely out of sight, in a modern shell of a structure that had been erected at Czar Nicholas' order.

"Well, Peter's hut looks as if it needed every bit of protection it could have," said Mrs. Lane as the family passed through the outer door.

The crazy, slanting remnant of the ship apprentice's dwelling was actually propped up to keep it from tumbling over—like a poor cripple on crutches. Two mean little rooms with a dark bed-space in the wall—these made the quarters of the powerful ruler during his brief stay in Zaandam.

"But," said Mr. Lane, reading a motto on the wall, " 'Niets is den grooten man te klein'."

"What does that mean?" asked Richard.

"Nothing is too small for a great man."

Taken altogether, it was the most exciting day that Richard and Shirley had known in Holland. An excursion into the cheese country and a visit to the home of a czar—what could they ask more?

It was difficult to fall asleep that night. Even in dreamland, the day's happenings continued to make wonderful moving pictures. All night long Richard thought he was helping Peter the Great man a stupendous fleet at Zaandam and destroying the enemy's ships with great cheese cannon-balls.

## CHAPTER XV

### ALONG ZUYDER ZEE DYKES

"When are we going to see the Zuyder Zee, father?"

Mr. Lane looked up from his book to answer Shirley's question.

"Why, to-morrow, if mother and Richard have no better excursion in mind. For some time, I've been thinking we ought to make a trip to at least one of the Dead Cities of the Zuyder Zee."

"Dead Cities!" echoed Richard.

"Yes, that is the name generally given to a group of once powerful, prosperous centers whose trade and importance are now wholly a thing of the past. I am told that one of the cleanest and prettiest of these is Hoorn. Shall we go there?"

But Richard was not satisfied.

"How did these cities come to die?" he persisted.

"It was all due to the mouth of the Zuyder

Zee silting up. As the sand gradually but surely piled up at the entrance to the North Sea, it became unsafe for ocean-going vessels to continue their trade with the inland ports. Fleets that used to carry cargoes to the Mediterranean and far-off East Indies gave way to small fishing boats, merchants moved on or went out of business altogether, whole streets of houses had to come down, and the dead cities were left with nothing but memories."

"It sounds interesting," spoke up Mrs. Lane. "I think the very best program we can map out for to-morrow is Hoorn, with possibly some other place on the Zuyder Zee for the afternoon if the dead city hasn't enough attractions to last the entire day."

It was thus decided.

The Lanes found Hoorn the quiet, sleepy, restful place they expected—only quieter, sleepier, more restful, if that were possible. It was almost deserted except for the fishermen and an occasional housewife, busy with the everlasting mop or scrubbing-brush.

Richard caught sight of some dark-red sails that seemed to stand up from the tops of the steep, tiled roofs.

"We must be near the water and the dyke,"

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he said excitedly. "Let's find them right away."

He and Shirley ran on ahead, scampered up an incline, waved their handkerchiefs, and beckoned their parents to follow.

"It is the Zuyder Zee itself," they shouted.

It was a picturesque bit of Holland spread out before them—the shimmering water on one hand, long, curving stone-built dyke ahead, fringed with grass and trees, and a windmill in the distance.

"It's just as if a finger were pointing all along the way," said Shirley, "promising something still better around the next curve."

There were fishing smacks, tackle, nets, sails everywhere. Groups of fishermen in wooden shoes were busy cleaning up after the morning's catch or getting ready for that of the next day. Along the dyke and canal-bordered streets they went contentedly about their occupation, as if fishing were quite good enough for them, no matter what tales of other days might tell of Hoorn's more wonderful ventures.

It was the ancient sixteenth century gates that pleased Shirley particularly. She begged Richard to loan her his camera long enough to take them. One, with leafy trees and a bridge for a background, had its material arranged in



banded effects. The upper part was like a tiny doll-house perched up on top of the inviting archway.

But the harbor gate was even prettier. Its rounded end, carvings, gables, and tower made it by far the most artistic gate the Lanes had yet seen in Holland.

"I wish I could read Dutch!" said Shirley. "I would like to make out this inscription on the gate."

"I believe," was her father's reply, "that it reads, 'Enter ye in at the strait gate'."

"What toppling houses!" exclaimed Richard. "They are at the 'angliest' angles I've yet seen."

"Like gossips with their heads together," laughed his mother.

The prim little dwellings seemed, indeed, as if, having nothing else to do, they were leaning over toward their neighbors for a friendly chat.

"And look at the rows of colored pictures along their front," continued Richard, "all boats, and water, and mottoes. What does it mean?"

"A big naval battle, the Battle of the Zuyder Zee"—was Mr. Lane's explanation—"Hoorn's pride and glory. You would hardly think that the little town once completely routed thirty

Spanish vessels and locked up their admiral for a long period, would you?"

"Good for little Hoorn!" cried Richard.

"From these houses, men, women, and children peered out into the darkness hour after hour to learn, if possible, the fate of their own boats and those of the enemy. Though the encounter began in mid-afternoon, it lasted throughout the entire night."

Close by the pictured houses, Shirley made friends with a tiny milk-white goat, feeding him with some Gouda "sprints" she had slipped in her hand-bag just before leaving Amsterdam.

"He's altogether too small to be called a goat," said Shirley. "He's really a 'goatee'."

In an open square, the Lane children came upon a statue of one of Hoorn's great men—Jan Coen.

"It was he," said Mr. Lane, "who opened up the East Indies to the Dutch, the source of so much commerce and wealth. The nation has much to thank him for. But another Hoorn sailor made other geography for you. I mean the one who sailed around South America. What cape is at its southern extremity?"

"Why, Horn, of course!" exclaimed Richard and Shirley together.

"I don't think the title 'dead city' fits Hoorn."

Thus Richard defended the Zuyder Zee town.

"With a big naval battle and important discoveries to her credit, she deserves something better."

"I think so, too," seconded Shirley loyally. "She's only sleeping, and who knows but that some day she may wake up?"

There was enough of the day left to make a fleeting visit to Volendam. Richard and Shirley had heard much of the quaint fishing village and were anxious for a peep at its streets and people. By rail and tram they were not long reaching this second Zuyder Zee settlement some miles to the south.

"Before you children start on any long walks, we must have lunch."

For once, his father's announcement was not welcomed by Richard.

"O, father," he cried, "how can we eat with all these baggy trousers and winged caps waiting to have their pictures taken?"

"There will be plenty of them left, never fear, and you can snap them to your heart's content after we have a bite."

The rambling old inn to which Mr. Lane led

the way had a sign with "Hotel Spaander" on the front. It meant nothing to the Lane children, but their father explained that the house was beloved of artists. Here they had left paintings all over the walls as souvenirs of their visits—the best of substitutes for calling-cards! Richard and Shirley looked eagerly for American names and were not disappointed.

"Don't you think we can eat on that little back veranda overlooking the water?" Shirley asked her father.

Before he had time to answer, a smiling waitress in Volendam costume conducted the family to the desired seats. The lunch that followed was substantial and appetizing. Even the unwilling Richard did justice to it. Then began a search for camera subjects.

"It's the hardest place yet to get snap-shots," complained Richard. "Everything I see is a picture, and I want to take them all!"

Back and forth along the main street of the village walked full-skirted, white-capped women, also tiny girls that looked like shriveled grandmothers. A favorite adornment was strings of large coral beads fastened with silver or gold ornaments. For the most part, the men stood around talking and smoking. It was Saturday, the week's catch was in, there-

fore a holiday with them. They were not without ornaments, too, most of them wearing buttons at neck or belt that had come down to them as heirlooms. As they walked, there was the swing of the sea in their gait.

"What lovely weather-beaten brown vessels," said Shirley. "I don't wonder the artists want to come here for pictures. But I don't see any dyke, father."

"You're not very far from one, my dear."

"We're walking on it, aren't we?"

Richard thought he would hazard the guess.

"You are quite right," said Mr. Lane.

"I *thought* it was a pretty high, funny street when I first saw it," Shirley remarked.

Below the level of the dyke-street was a row of tiny, pitched-roof houses on either side. To reach them, it was necessary to descend steep steps that looked as if they might throw one headlong at any minute.

"Do see the little square halls with bright-figured linoleum on the floor, mother?" said Shirley.

"Yes, and the klompen standing outside," returned Mrs. Lane. "Volendam means to be clean, like the rest of Holland, and no fishermen fathers and brothers are allowed to track dirt all over the floors."



**VOLENDAM GIRLS**



**GROUP OF FISHERMEN—VOLENDAM**



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"But the smaller the house, the more pairs of shoes there are! Back there I should say there were father's, mother's, grandfather's, grandmother's, big brother's, and baby sister's."

After Richard had taken several pictures and Shirley had purchased some post-cards, the Lanes turned toward the tram station.

"Look who are following us," whispered Richard.

Shirley glanced behind and saw about a dozen children, boys and girls, of all ages and sizes. One little mite had her knitting with her and was adding to the length of a coarse woolen sock as she walked. When the station was reached, the Volendam youngsters sat down by the side of the Lanes and looked them over with big, round eyes. Then they giggled.

"It's probably a good joke," said Shirley. "I wish I knew what it was about."

More giggles. Then the little girls opened their mouths and pointed inside. They tried to draw attention, also, to Shirley's mouth.

"What can it be?" she said.

"I think I have it," answered Mrs. Lane, giggling in turn. "They are laughing at your gold crown."

Shirley touched the crowned tooth with her finger, and a general nodding of little Dutch



heads followed. There was no question about the gold tooth being the attraction.

"I imagine gold is too dear a luxury with Volendam's hard-working fisher-folk to be put in the mouth," said Mr. Lane. "No doubt these children think you are a funny girl—as well as a wealthy one—to be carrying it about in that way."

A pleasant half-hour followed while Richard and Shirley repeated to the Volendam boys and girls the Dutch words they knew in exchange for the few English words the children had been able to pick up from visitors. But the small Volendammers looked as if they couldn't understand why the queer Americans used the difficult language in place of their own easy Dutch!

When the tram arrived, they waved good-byes, and until it was quite out of sight, Shirley could see the little group still watching from the station.

"Has my Little Lady of the Gold Tooth had a good day?" questioned Mr. Lane.

"The very best," was Shirley's ready answer.

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE BACK DOOR OF HOLLAND

Mr. and Mrs. Lane were discussing plans for rounding up their travels in North Holland. Now and then Shirley offered a suggestion, but Richard sat silent.

"Well, son, why so quiet?" at last asked Mr. Lane.

"I've been thinking," answered Richard, "*I'd* like to see the back door of Holland."

"Surely, if you will tell us what it is."

"I hardly know myself, but I would like to find out. You see, most travelers who have been to the Netherlands can tell you a little something about The Hague or Amsterdam or Rotterdam—the cities at the front door—but when you ask them what lies on the other side of the Zuyder Zee, you find they generally know as little as you do about it."

"To catch a glimpse of Holland's back door, then, shall be the object of our last excursion in this part of the country. Your suggestion

is a good one, Richard. As we have but one day to give to it, I think Friesland will be the most profitable province to visit."

"I, too," added Mrs. Lane. "I've always wanted to see something of 'Free Frisia.'"

"That sounds like a liberty-loving country, mother," said Richard.

"So it does, and, according to the histories, Friesland well deserved the title. Strong, brave, wealthy, and independent, she defied many powerful enemies or made advantageous treaties with them. Cut off from the rest of Holland by the Zuyder Zee, her people developed habits, customs, even a language of their own. Their speech is said to resemble our own English very closely."

"'Good butter and good cheese  
Is good English and good Friese,'"

quoted Mr. Lane.

Richard and Shirley had heard enough to make them eager for the Frisian trip. After looking the province over on the map, they decided to visit Leeuwarden, its capital.

The morning's journey (it took about three hours and a half) was through a land of peace and plenty. It included beloved Hoorn, and the children affectionately waved their hand-

kerchiefs at the sleepy old town as they passed through it. From this point on, rich meadows, given over to the raising of potatoes, were pointed out by an obliging Dutch fellow-passenger. He explained that the bulk of the crop was exported to England and Germany.

The children were amused to find that all railroad crossings were guarded by women. In funny hats and capes, they attended to their duties with as much solemn dignity as their men-folk could have mustered. There were cattle all along the way, of course, and in enjoying one beautiful rural picture after another, the Zuyder Zee was reached long before the Lanes imagined they could be due there.

"The boat trip connects two more dead cities," said Mr. Lane, "Enkhuisen, where we now are, and Stavoren on the opposite side."

"Poor, deserted little Enkhuisen!" Mrs. Lane exclaimed as the steamer moved from the pier. "It looks as if it never had any history worth mentioning. Even the chimes we hear sound sad and lonely."

Rows of fishing nets extended for a considerable distance along the beach. The waters of the Zuyder Zee evidently furnished the inhabitants a means of livelihood, as at Hoorn. It was an hour or more before a lighthouse,

stretch of red roofs, and church told the Lane family that Stavoren was at hand.

"Its harbor has been filling up, like those of the other dead cities," explained Mr. Lane, "but the reason sometimes given is hardly a scientific one. Shall I tell you the Legend of the Proud Lady?"

"Oh, please do!" cried Richard and Shirley.

"Well, years and years ago, when Stavoren was truly a city of kings, commercial and prosperous, a wealthy lady sent a sea captain to find for her the most precious thing in the world. She imagined that with his good ship and the opportunity to visit wonderful cities, he would bring home something marvelous. The sailor landed at the port of Danzig, in the heart of a productive wheat region. Nothing he could find seemed to be of any greater value than the grain. So he loaded his ship with this cargo and returned to Stavoren. Was his quest considered a success? By no means. The haughty lady who had sent him on the expedition scornfully threw the good wheat into the water. Not even the pleadings of the poor kept her from this wicked waste. Then the miraculous happened. A sand-bar immediately began to form, and finally choked up the harbor altogether. Thus was poor Sta-

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voren punished for the pride and discontent of one of its number. Even to-day the sandy stretch known as Vrouwensand or the Lady's Sand is pointed out as proof of the truth of the tale."

The remainder of the rail journey was past immense farmhouses set in the midst of extensive fields.

"They look so big by the side of the tiny cottages we have seen in other places," said Shirley.

"And they have regular pyramid tops," noticed Richard.

"They shelter both the family and cattle," answered Mr. Lane, "as well as furnish store-room for hay. This accounts for their size and shape."

"Leeuwarden! Leeuwarden!"

The conductor's voice told the Lanes they were at last at the Frisian capital. From the very first moment they stepped on the platform, Richard and Shirley liked Leeuwarden. Nor did they afterward change their opinion of its pretty streets, placid canals, and avenues of trees. One could see at a glance that few Americans found their way to this back door of Holland. It was evident at lunch time,

when some Leeuwarden women peeped shyly in at the restaurant window.

"They don't seem to think they look as queer to us as we do to them," said Richard.

"What is that woman wearing on her head?"

Shirley asked the question in big-eyed wonder as she stepped into the street again. She had, by this time, grown accustomed to tight caps, loose caps, caps with wings and caps without, but this head-dress was in a class all by itself. In the sunlight, it was like a dazzling ball of fire, but on looking closer, Shirley saw it was a close-fitting gold affair with ornaments either side of the forehead, an over-cap of lace, and full frill at the back of the neck.

"There goes one of silver," said Richard. "And, see, there's another without any lace at all."

"This is a surprise I had in store for you," laughed Mr. Lane. "I wanted to see your faces when you first caught sight of a Frisian helmet."

"How did they ever come to be the fashion?" was Shirley's question.

"There is a difference of opinion about their origin. Some say the first helmet was worn to cover the deformity of a Frisian princess, but there is also a religious superstition that the

head covering represents a glorified crown of thorns."

"But the helmets must cost a good bit of money."

"The real gold and silver ones do, but poor girls sometimes have only imitations. It used to be the height of a maiden's ambition to own the genuine article, and she would work and save and dream of it much as our grandmothers planned for their wedding-chests. Now the helmets are getting rather scarce and the custom of wearing them will probably die out altogether."

"And a sensible thing it will be, too," spoke up Mrs. Lane.

"Why, mother?"

"Because the helmet induces baldness and headaches."

"There is another one of those ugly bonnets perched on top of the headdress," said Shirley.

Richard couldn't withstand the temptation of snapping the queer combination as it walked away from him.

"You took in that group, too, in front of the store window," said Shirley. "But so much the better."

"O-p-r-u-i-m-i-n-g."



Richard spelled aloud the sign on the window.

"I've seen it in so many places! What does it mean?"

"Shirley can guess, I know," said Mrs. Lane. "She knows what it means when a group of women stand in front of a shop window with that intent look on their faces."

"Bargains!" promptly supplied Shirley.

"Quite right. Even Holland's back door cannot escape them."

"We mustn't neglect the Frisian Museum," said Mr. Lane. "It is one of the most important, if not *the* most important, of Leeuwarden's attractions."

Richard and Shirley found it no dull assortment of relics, but a perfect storehouse of treasures. From one tempting collection of curiosities to another, they flitted, unable to fix their minds upon the most interesting. There were wonderful miniature caskets and other samples of silver in which the natives of Friesland used to excel, an ornamented drinking horn, helmets of different styles, a doll in costume, and an ancient coach and sleigh among them. Antiquities dating from the time of the Roman occupation of Holland were seen in one room—remains dug up from the surround-

ing country. Here were ornaments that once graced fair Roman maids and matrons, and the pottery with which their homes were furnished. The beautiful display of china from the East Indies, China, and Japan called forth many "Oh's" and "Ah's" from Shirley and Mrs. Lane. Shelf after shelf of the delicate pieces reached almost to the high ceiling.

"All waiting for tea-parties," said Shirley. "What a great number of guests one could invite with all those lovely dishes to fall back upon!"

"How do you suppose the china got here?" wondered Richard. "Those cups and saucers and plates all have stories on the very face of them. How I wish I could have taken some of the voyages I feel sure they have made!"

But the Hindeloopen Rooms were the best of all. They took their name from a tiny Dutch village once noted for its wonderful house furnishings and peculiar costumes of the people. Here the home life was reproduced in tile-decorated compartments, rich in elaborate carved chests, still more beautiful china, and all that made a Hindeloopen dwelling complete. Even a wax family group had been added to give an appearance of reality to the whole. Father was sedately smoking his

pipe, the women-folk were seated about the table, one busy with her knitting, the other about to pour tea, while the little girl of the house looked on with an expression of gentle interest on her prim face.

"How do you do, wax people?" murmured Shirley, with a low bow. "I saw your first cousins in the basement of the Rijks Museum the other day, and they sent their very best regards to you. You remember them, do you not?"

Except for the waxy smile on the little girl's face, there was not the slightest interest shown by the group in their relatives. The Lanes passed on to the Hindeloopen bedroom.

What was this—a bed-chamber with no bed? Richard and Shirley hunted for one everywhere, but without success. There were lovely carved wall panels and wonderful chests, but no sign of anything upon which to lay one's head. The children would have continued the search much longer had not Mr. Lane given them a hint.

"Where do you suppose those little steps lead?" he inquired, with an air of innocence.

There were two or three of these short flights placed against the wall. Richard and his sister looked at them hard for a minute or



WAX GROUP—FRISIAN MUSEUM



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two, and then realized their purpose. The carved panels above were the doors of wall-beds!

"How stupid of me not to have thought of it before!" said Richard. "They are bunks, sure enough."

"But how dark and poky," responded Shirley. "Not even the valuable carvings would make up to me for the lack of air and sun."

"If you young people decide to stay in Hindeloopen all day," interrupted Mr. Lane, "we will hardly have time to see the Oldehove."

"What is that?" the others asked with some curiosity.

"Leeuwarden's leaning tower—an old Gothic landmark."

"I do hope it won't topple over before we get there," said Shirley.

The old tower obligingly remained as upright as it could to allow the Lane family a thorough inspection.

"I think it is fully as pretty as the pictures I have seen of Pisa's leaning tower," was Shirley's opinion. "What lovely old red bricks and gray stone work! But the top comes to a sudden stop, father. Why is that?"

"It was never finished. The reason the work was not completed, I do not know. A church

once belonged to the tower (or the tower to the church), but has long since disappeared. When the Oldehove was young, the waters of the sea came almost to its very base. It seems hardly believable, does it? Now the ruin is many miles inland."

"Like an old stranded wreck."

"What chapters of thrilling Frisian history must be locked up in its aged walls," said Mrs. Lane. "Don't you wish it might speak, children? It could tell of kings and wars and conquests."

"Things are peaceable enough to-day," rejoined Shirley, "drowsy enough to put one to sleep."

While returning through the trim Leeuwarden streets, the Lanes saw something of the cheese industry—that part of it that continued the story of Alkmaar. They had peeps into a number of warehouses where all shapes and sizes of cheeses were piled upon tiers of shelves to undergo the ripening process. For the most part, they were flattened and larger than those seen at the market.

"The temperature of these warehouses must be kept just so," said Mr. Lane, "in order to bring the cheeses to perfection. It is a delicate matter to attend to the work properly."

Good-natured working men seemed pleased at the Lane children's interest in their occupation and answered questions as best they could by signs and the few words of English they knew. Also they posed for their pictures and appeared rather glad than otherwise to be taken away in the camera box.

"Seeing the back door of Holland has been a glorious success, father," declared Richard.

"Oh, I knew it would be before we started," added Shirley. "Doesn't father always pick out the very nicest places for us to visit?"



## CHAPTER XVII

### THE LAND OF THE WATERY LION

"You saved the best till the last, didn't you, father?"

From the quaintest of quaint Dutch inns, Shirley was looking out on an ancient courtyard, leafy with tall, noble chestnut trees. Across the open space, sedate groups of girls, dressed in neat black and white, with Bibles or hymnals in hand, walked homeward from church service. Irregular gray buildings, carved gateways, and the remnants of a hoary old church—these made up the rest of the picture. Every seven or eight minutes the chimes of a tall steeple near by sent down a perfect shower of sweet sounds.

"I am glad you like it, my dear," answered Mr. Lane. "It seemed to me that in passing on to Belgium and France, it would pay us to turn aside for a few days in picturesque Middelburg."

"And you couldn't have found a nicer stop-



**"LANGE JAN"—MIDDELBURG**



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ping place than the Abbey Inn!" Shirley went on. "These old buildings to which it is joined have a history, I know. You can just *feel* it."

"History with a capital 'H,' " returned her father. "The old abbey or monastery of Middelburg had its beginnings early in the twelfth century. It's something of an effort to think back eight hundred years, isn't it? I want you to notice that walk with the arched openings on the church side of the court. In those shaded cloisters the monks used to walk back and forth and say their prayers long before America was discovered."

"I mean to climb that tall church steeple to-morrow, father," spoke up Richard.

"Lange Jan, you mean."

"What?"

"Lange Jan, or, in everyday English, Long John. It is the nickname commonly given the lofty church tower. Lange Jan is Middelburg's best-known and best-beloved landmark. By his clock she sets her time-pieces and his chimes put her to sleep at night, keep her company during restless hours, and wake her up in the morning."

"One thing I'd like to ask you, father. On the way over from the station I noticed ever so

many carved lions on gates and buildings. What is their meaning?"

"I saw them, too," added Shirley. "And they all seemed floundering in the water."

"Yes," was Mr. Lane's reply, "you cannot be long in Zeeland without running into the watery lion of the province. He represents its coat-of-arms. And no better expression of the spirit of the people in fighting their enemies—watery and otherwise—could be found than the motto that goes with the lion—'I struggle and I emerge.'"

"He always looks as if he was going to get the best of it," laughed Richard.

True to his determination, Richard climbed the steeple the first thing the following morning. His mother, father, and Shirley were easily persuaded to accompany him, for they knew that from the top a splendid picture of the surrounding country could be seen. After stopping now and then to rest, and drawing many long breaths, the Lanes reached the bells directly above the clock.

"Oh, how glorious," panted Shirley. "Isn't it a wonderful view?"

"It is the Isle of Walcheren spread out before you," said Mr. Lane, "with still other islands round about it."

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"Water, water everywhere!"

"Exactly. Probably in no other section of the Netherlands does the persistent sea have to be fought so strenuously as in this same 'Sea Land.'"

A bright-looking Dutch lad, who had been watching the Americans for some few minutes, now courteously tipped his cap and pointed out places of interest to them.

"Flushing," said he, pointing to the south.

"There are big shipbuilding yards there and a shore resort," said Mr. Lane.

"Veere," went on the small guide, pointing in the opposite direction. "And Domburg and Kapelle," swinging his arm around to the west.

"I'm going higher up, if I may, father," spoke up Richard. "We are some distance yet from the top. Will you come along, too, Shirley?"

"Please excuse me! I have counted two hundred and seventy-six steps already, and with the same number to repeat going down, I think it will be all I'll want for one day."

Lange Jan, never long silent, now broke out into song. It was the Lohengrin Wedding March the bells chimed, large, medium, and small all joining in the joyous outburst.

"They make me think of grammar, primary,

and kindergarten classes," said Shirley. "I thought the bells would sound harsh or deafening so close at hand, but they are neither."

After Richard had come down from the topmost perch he had been able to find, the Lanes said good-bye to the Dutch boy and descended the tower for a stroll through the streets of Middelburg. It was difficult to see ahead any distance, for the streets ran in curves, reminding the Lane children of the water-streets of Amsterdam.

"Are there usually so many people as this in town?" Richard asked his father wonderingly.

"I should judge not. The proprietor of the Abbey Inn told me this morning that to-day and to-morrow are musical feast days in Middelburg, and that visitors have been coming in great numbers by boat, tram, and carts from distant points of the island, and even beyond."

"I believe I hear band music now."

Following the sound, the Lanes located a procession which came to a halt in the principal square and gave a concert. The town seemed entirely given over to musical societies, banners, and holiday merry-making. From morning till night, young people with bright, happy faces paraded back and forth through the narrow thoroughfares, arm linked in arm, keep-

ing time to the music or breaking forth into lively tunes of their own.

"I have seen so much of Holland at work," said Mrs. Lane, "that it is a pleasant change to see her at play. But she doesn't look as if she quite knew how to go about it."

"But how nice," replied Shirley, "that instead of our having to hunt up all these boys and girls in their own villages to study their customs and dress, they have come where we are! Did you ever see so many different costumes, mother, or such peculiar ones?"

The ideal of beauty in this section seemed to be a black bodice with the shortest and tightest of sleeves. They were so tight, in fact, as to look really painful. Below them were plump, bare, bright-red arms, made so by exposure to cold, wind, sun—and water, of course! The back portion of the waists were plaited and pinned so as to give a shawl effect, and some women from out of town had the folds carried above the shoulders, looking like immense butterflies, about to take flight. As to caps, some were close-fitting and inconspicuous, others of the sun-bonnet variety, while still others had widespread white wings, flappier even than those seen at Volendam. Long spiral gold springs or dangling ornaments like huge ear-



rings swayed back and forth by the side of each eye. Strings of coral beads at the neck completed the Zeeland attire.

"It would be pretty," was Shirley's comment, "were it not for those bare red arms."

"Ah, but according to Zeeland standards," answered Mr. Lane, "the redder they are, the more beautiful are they considered."

"But the boys and men—aren't they odd-looking?" exclaimed Richard. "Black velvet trousers, belt buttons larger than our silver dollars, neck ornaments, and those flat, wide-rimmed hats!"

"And notice their hair," said Shirley. "It has a genuine 'Dutch cut.'"

Whenever the bands would give him a chance to be heard, Lange Jan joined in the celebration with his wedding march.

"He is encouraging the young people with the wedding music," laughed Mr. Lane, "though to judge from the number of devoted sweethearts that have passed us to-day, I don't think they need much encouragement."

Richard and Shirley were delighted when they came upon Middelburg's Stadhuis—a perfect gem of a town hall! With its steep gabled roof, bulb-topped spire, rows of pinnacles, and

carved decorations, it was indeed a building that would long remain in memory.

"The clock is called 'Crazy Betsey,'" explained Mr. Lane.

"And why?" asked Shirley.

"Because, unlike Lange Jan, she has a reputation for not keeping accurate time. Do you see those figures in pairs between the shuttered windows?"

Richard and Shirley looked up at the early Counts and Countesses of Zeeland thus pointed out.

"What do you suppose the lords and their ladies think of all this merry-making?" wondered Shirley. "I imagine, if they could, they would like nothing better than to step down and join in the fun."

Under the shadow of the Stadhuis, a Dutch woman, with brightly painted cart, was industriously plying her trade of selling ice-cream.

"I am surprised to find Middelburg so modern," said Mr. Lane. "Shall we sample the 'ijs,' children?"

Without waiting for the answer he knew would follow, he stepped forward to make his purchase. As he did so, Richard slyly clicked the camera shutter. It was almost a back view of his father he obtained, but from

the near-profile of the face, soft felt hat, and the way he stood, Mr. Lane's friends easily recognized him after the picture was printed at home.

Before walking back to their inn, the Lanes enjoyed a long walk on the outskirts of Middelburg. Men and women, particularly aged people, politely saluted or nodded to them pleasantly as they passed. The pretty custom had been noticed before in the smaller places of the country.

"It warms one's heart," said Mr. Lane, "to be thus recognized and made welcome among a strange people speaking a strange tongue."

When the time drew near for Richard and Shirley to say good-bye to Middelburg (which was the same as bidding Holland farewell), they were far from ready for the leave-taking. At last, however, the hotel omnibus stood at the door of the Abbey Inn waiting to take them to the railroad station. As it rolled under the dark abbey archway and out over the bumpy cobbles of the curving street, the chimes began to play.

"Dear old Lange Jan!" murmured Shirley softly. "It is his good-bye to us."

"His favorite wedding march again," laughed Richard.



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"That's the tune, I know," replied Shirley, "but the words are, 'Do—come—a—gain—— Do—come—a—gain——' I wouldn't mind accepting the invitation some day."

"Nor I," said Mrs. Lane. "Middelburg is one unspoiled corner of Holland."

"Do—come—a—gain—— Do—come—a—gain——" faintly called out Lange Jan in the distance.

THE END.

